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AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF 1775.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE PIRATE OF THE GULF," "THE QUADROONE," "KYD THE BUCCANIER," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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705

QUEBEC AND NEW YORK.

CHAP. I.

The Council.

ON the evening of the thirteenth of December, the combined divisions of the invading army under general Montgomery, amounting, with the addition of a few Canadians who had joined the American standard, to about twelve hundred effective men, had been encamped several days before Quebec: although they had immediately laid siege to it, and erected a battery against its walls, they had not yet obtained any important successes. For several days they had endured the excessive hardships to which the rigour of a Canadian winter peculiarly exposed

them, yet continued to labour in erecting works and completing the preparations for a vigorous siege with unabated courage and unshaken determination.

Nevertheless, general Montgomery feared they would sink under their fatigue, however great their fortitude and capability of endurance. He was also apprehensive that he might soon be abandoned by the majority of his soldiers, whose term of enlistment had expired at Montreal, and whom admiration for his courage, and a certain pride they felt in following a brave and successful leader, united with his own powers of persuasion, had induced to volunteer their aid in the capture of Quebec. Impressed, therefore, with the importance of taking an immediate and decisive step before circumstances should deprive him of the liberty of acting, he came to the gallant resolution to make an immediate assault upon the place with his whole force—"And," he said, his eyes kindling as he spoke of his determination to his young aid-de-camp, "lead them in person to victory or death. But," he added, more desponding, taking the arm of his young

friend, as they were walking together before the walls, selecting a point of attack, "my hardy little army is composed of such discordant materials, that individual exertions can accomplish but very little. I hold my men by no legal authority, and if they see fit, they can leave me if I venture to suggest a proposition which must ensue in much bloodshed. But the only alternative left us is to raise the siege, and retreat the best way we can."

"I trust that alternative will never for a moment be entertained by a single man in our camp," said the aid, impetuously.

"They will not think of it, my dear major, I am assured. They are brave and patriotic, and, I believe, also too much attached to my person to desert me. But I did not come before the walls of Quebec to retreat from them; I will either succeed in the enterprise I contemplate, or leave my body before its gates. I will forthwith summon a council of my officers, and consult with them, and afterward address the troops; from them I anticipate less opposition than from their commanding officers."

"It were better to die like soldiers," said Burton, with animation, "than be picked from the walls like wild beasts, as our men daily are, or have our bodies paralyzed by frost, and our spirits broken by this fruitless and idle siege. How have you decided to make the attack?"

"Assault both the Upper and Lower Towns at the same time. I will detail my plan more fully in council. I dare not think how my proposition will be received there. In you, Burton, I shall have at least one faithful coadjutor?"

"I will second you with my life," answered the young officer, promptly.

"Not thy life, my gallant youth," said the general smiling, and turning from him to enter his tent, "not thy life, but thy voice only I require to aid me in the council I shall presently invite to discuss this matter. Alas," he added, with a melancholy expression, "life will soon enough be poured out! God spare the youthful and brave for our country!"

Burton passed slowly on towards his own tent, impressed with the sad look with which his general uttered the last words, which seemed to convey

an omen of coming evil, when his attention was arrested by the figure of a man, indistinctly seen through the twilight, gliding along by the foot of a low wall bounding the field. His eye followed him till he saw him disappear in the moat, and shortly after re-appear on the opposite side at the foot of a bastion, and with rapid strides approach the city gate. At this point there was no sentinel posted, and Burton, struck with mingled curiosity and suspicion, by changing his route and quickening his pace, crossed the moat higher up and intercepted him. He was a tall, stoutly-framed man, wrapped to the eyes in a short Scottish plaid; but the skirt of a grey capote and moccasins visible beneath, and the addition of a fur bonnet, betrayed the wearer to be a Canadian peasant. He carried no arms, nor did he assume a hostile attitude. He took long strides across the level ground, and his object seemed to be to gain the American camp by the most direct course, and with the best speed he could exert.

"Stand, sir!" said Burton, grasping a pistol as he confronted him.

The stranger started back a pace, as if he had now for the first time observed him, and then said, in a rough bold voice—"Be not too hasty with thy pistolet, good sir. I am a true man, and as piously-disposed a rebel as the devil himself."

"How now, villain? what means this insolence?" demanded the young soldier, sternly, at the same time levelling his pistol at the man's breast.

"An hour ago I was a volunteer under Carleton," said the man, less rudely; "but I have taken a leap over the wall, and now, by my beard, seek to become an honest rebel!"

"A deserter from the citadel?"

"Ay, master, and was on my way to your camp when you came, across my path, without any other hint than the click of that pistolet in my ear."

"And thank your stars 'twas not accompanied with a bullet through your body. Till you satisfy general Montgomery that you are what you affirm, I shall detain you prisoner. Pass on before me to the lines, and, as you value your life, make no attempt to escape."

Preceded by his prisoner, Burton advanced to the camp, and there delivering him to the guard, with orders to conduct him immediately to the quarters of general Montgomery, he sought his own quarters.

About eight o'clock the same evening, the commander-in-chief was seated alone in his tent before a rude table, covered with letters, maps, and a plan of the fortifications of Quebec, the last of which he was inspecting with great attention. A single candle cast a dim light through the tent, which contained, besides the table, several camp-stools, and half a dozen buffalo hides thrown loosely on the ground to protect the feet from the snow. He had just laid aside his mathematical instruments, and with his forehead resting upon his hand, given himself up to deep thought, when his servant, lifting the curtain, announced captain M'Pherson, who immediately entered. This officer was a tall gentlemanly-looking man, with a fine military air, a calm fearless eye, of the most transparent blue, a Saxon complexion, and a frank and extremely pleasing mode of address.

"Be seated, captain," said the general, rising and courteously bowing. "I have called you from your arduous duties in the field to ask your advice respecting a plan I have in contemplation for bringing this dull siege to a close. What say you to risking an assault?"

"An assault, general Montgomery?" repeated the officer, his clear eyes dilating with pleasure, and rising and speaking with enthusiasm; "is such indeed your intention?"

"It is, even if I can get no more than a score of brave men to follow me," replied the chief, firmly.

"One of them shall be M'Pherson."

"I knew it, captain; I felt sure of you. If all my officers carried your ready spirit in their hands, our success would be certain. I was confident that my proposition would meet your views."

"Exactly, general. I am tired thrashing my arms against my ribs to keep the blood in circulation; I would much prefer exercising them on the enemy, who have a legitimate title

to keep my fingers warm. When do you make the assault?"

"To-morrow morning at five o'clock."

"To-morrow morning—better still! To-morrow noon then we dine in Quebec; I am told the burghers keep good wines. Have you matured your plan of attack?"

"Fully. I have——"

At this moment a second officer was announced, by the name and title of captain Cheesman. His air and appearance were those of a country gentleman, who had laid aside his hunting-whip to grasp the sword; his eyes evinced coolness and decision to be the prominent attributes of his character. As he entered, he saluted the gentlemen in a bluff hearty tone, and with a familiar nod, while a smile of good humour, which seemed to be quite at home on his well-shaped lips, at once prepossessed the beholder in his favour. This gentleman heard with pleasure the plan of the proposed assault, and assented to its expediency.—"But what says colonel Arnold?" he asked.

The officer he named, accompanied by Burton and several other officers, at this moment came in. The appearance of colonel Arnold was that of a courtly soldier; his person was manly and well formed, but slightly inclined to portliness; in his attire, which was nevertheless exceedingly rich, he was careless, like one who felt the duties of the field to be both his pride and apology; a large and costly brilliant sparkled on his little finger, and his hair was profusely powdered in the fashion of the day; his address was easy, and oftentimes bland to fawning; his mouth habitually wore a smile, which invited confidence, while the restless expression of his eyes betokened active suspicion; his features were handsome, and his voice agreeable; yet there lurked at all times, in every look and under every word he uttered, a hidden meaning, which gave to his countenance, however externally agreeable, a wily and forbidding cast, prepossessing unfavourably all men of sagacity and acute perception of character. With a cold eye and a smile about his mouth, he acknowledged the salutations of general Montgomery and the

QUEBEC AND NEW YORK.



gentlemen present; and seating himself near the former, yet a little aloof from the group around him, as if wishing to observe without being observed, he silently watched the faces and feelings of all present.

"Gentlemen," said general Montgomery; after the council of officers were seated around the table, rising, and speaking with great dignity, "I have invited you to my tent, to consult with you on the expediency of adopting more decisive measures than we have done, and such as will insure a successful termination to this prolonged siege. Our object is the capture of Quebec, and to accomplish this we must be ready to sacrifice life, but not honour. Permit me to urge, that the present mode of conducting the siege is not such as becomes men whose arms have hitherto been victorious, and to whom honour should therefore be more peculiarly dear. The bold attitude we have assumed before this city has drawn all eyes upon our little army. High expectations, founded I trust not unadvisedly on the gallantry you have already shewn, are entertained throughout Ame-

rica of the successful result of this expedition, and God forbid that deficiency in energies, or any want of promptness in action, should disappoint these hopes. The territory of Canada, even to the gates of Quebec, is already ours; this post in our hands, and the arms of the northern army will be crowned with the most brilliant successes that have marked the present age. Great Britain, weakened by the loss, will more willingly listen to our remonstrances, and extend to us that justice for which we are now in arms against her; we ourselves, proportionably strengthened by the addition, will be able to contend with her arms more equally, and in case it should ultimately come to this, cast off our allegiance, and assert our independence, in a more imposing manner.

“ I admit, gentlemen, that the garrison, through the vigilance of governor Carleton, is already increased to fifteen hundred men, and that we have but three-fourths of that number to encounter this force; but unwavering courage, firmness, and entire confidence in the justice, I might say sacredness, of the cause in which we

are enlisted, will assuredly balance this inequality of numbers.

I am now about to suggest a plan to you, gentlemen, which not only will terminate this inactive and tedious siege, but, I confidently assure you, place us in possession of the city: that your cheerful and ready assent will be obtained to the meditated measure, I have no doubt. The enemy, encouraged by our apathy, have become, as I have learned from a deserter who came to-night into camp, careless and secure: anticipating from our mode of operations a protracted siege, they will be in a measure unprepared for any important and sudden change in our tactics. It is therefore my determination, gentlemen," added he, slowly and decidedly, while his eye moved deliberately from face to face around the circle, "it is my determination to risk an assault."

"It is madness to think of it!" exclaimed colonel Arnold, who had listened with no little impatience to this harangue, starting to his feet on hearing the last word; "there cannot be eight hundred effective men led against the walls, and not one-third of these without their free

consent; they are moreover dispirited by the strength of a post which they expected to find entirely defenceless. There are not one hundred pairs of shoes in the whole army."

"So much the better, colonel," observed captain M'Pherson, dryly, "the men can climb the walls with greater facility, as doubtless thou hast heard orang outangs do ascend trees."

A dark frown was the only reply to this observation; and avoiding the cool eye of the captain, colonel Arnold continued.—"But I can advise perhaps no better plan, general Montgomery, than this you have proposed. If you will find men in sufficient force to redeem this enterprise from any thing like a Quixotic complexion, I will lead them. How have you arranged the plan of attack?"

"It is here." As he spoke, general Montgomery unrolled and spread on the table before him a chart covered with lines of fortifications.—"My plan," he added, after the other officers had inspected the map and its accompanying explanations, "is to attack both the Upper and

Lower Towns simultaneously ; one of the detachments to be led by you, the other by myself."

" There are obstacles to the success of this plan, so far as it regards the attack on the Lower Town," said an officer attached to colonel Arnold's division, a stout fat man, with a red face and the convivial air of a *bon vivant*; " the path is difficult; the ice is piled many feet in height upon it in some places, and we have no guide. The last would be an insurmountable objection in itself."

" Ha, major Brown !" said Montgomery, quickly, " I was not prepared for this dissent from so gallant a soldier."

" Nor would I dissent, general, if I were in your division," he said aside, so as to be heard only by his superior officer; " I have very little confidence in my leader."

" In colonel Arnold ?"

" Devil a bit. Transfer me to your detachment during the assault, and I will fight so long as my sword-hilt and hand are friends."

" It cannot be, my dear major. Do your duty, and I will trust your colonel to do his."

"He may be trusted a little too far yet," said the officer, turning carelessly away to reply to colonel Arnold, who abruptly inquired, as if he sought to interrupt their conversation—"How many volunteers can you muster in your own command, major Brown?"

"Some one hundred and eighty, colonel; and not a man will say no, if I say go."

"And you will say 'go,' I presume, major?" asked general Montgomery, looking at him earnestly.

"Ay, will I," he answered, striking his hand forcibly upon the table, as if to enforce his resolution.

"I trust also, gentlemen," continued the commander-in-chief, addressing with animation several officers around him, slightly bowing as he called each by name, "colonel Campbell, major Livingston, captain Edwards, major Mills, and you, captains Dearborn and Germaine, that I have your assent?"

"You ha' mine, general," said colonel Campbell, a plain-looking Scotchman, with harsh features, but which were deficient in energy of ex-

pression, who articulated every word with a broad national accent; "but I relee for our success mair on your courage, gude fortune, an' the fears o' the garrison, wha'll na anteecepeate an assault, than on the aaction and eenergy of our deespe-rited troops. How early 'll ye mak' the attack?"

"At five o'clock."

"I regret, general Montgomery," observed, in a slow formal tone of voice and manner, a slender, dark-complexioned gentleman, with a high forehead and an oval face, who wore a military undress, over which was thrown a Spanish mantle, studiously arranged about his person in graceful folds, and who had been once or twice addressed as major Livingston, "that I am under the necessity of opposing this desperate enterprise, proposed by you at a period when our soldiers are in a situation of deprivation and suffering, that would fill with despair a mind less energetic, or," he continued, bowing with grave politeness, "a spirit less brave than your own. I fear your sanguine hopes and our desperate situation urge you to a step which reason, and a sedate unbiassed judgment would, at another

time, present to you in a very different light than you are now inclined to behold it."

"Major Livingston's opinions are doubtless of weight, and entitled to deliberate consideration," said captain Morgan, commander of a rifle corps, a man in whose face was written intrepidity and decision, "and shall be duly weighed and discussed by the sober judgment of our senses *after* the assault. I agree with you, general, heart and hand, not only in the expediency, but the absolute necessity, of taking the step you have proposed. It is useless to sum up the arguments in its favour; their name is Legion. There is one, and an important one, which will be an *argumentum ad hominem* to each soldier, and act as a spur in inducing those whose term of service is expired to volunteer cheerfully; it is this—if we capture the city after a long and close siege, which we are not so sure of by capitulation, not a soldier can touch a stiver—not an old dame's knitting-needle, as his share of the enemy's possessions; we must march in as soberly as we would go to church. But if we carry the town by assault, our men will profit

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by the rights of war in such cases conferred on the captors of a fortified town when taken by storm."

"These arguments," observed major Livingston, sarcastically, "become a Janissary rather than an American officer."

"Far be it from me, gentlemen, to add to the horrors of war unnecessarily," replied captain Morgan, colouring with rising anger; "but as I have observed, this is the lever which will move the troops, and one which, from the days of Julius Cæsar, has never been applied in vain."

"I believe," said general Montgomery, rising, "that, with but one exception," glancing towards major Livingston as he spoke, "you are, gentlemen, unanimous in the opinion I have advanced, as to the expediency of taking immediate and more decisive measures to bring this siege to a close. I feel flattered by this expression of your sentiments: from the first I felt confident I should not be alone in this enterprise. If major Livingston will have the kindness to honour me with a few moments' conversation after the council breaks up, I think I shall be able to win

J. O. Little

him by arguments as potent, at least, as those my friend captain Morgan proposed levelling at the troops."

The gentleman addressed nodded a grave assent, and the general continued.—"I will now proceed, gentlemen, to detail my plan of attack, and arrange with you the best mode of carrying it into successful operation."

While the council was engaged in discussing the important business laid before it, the sentinel announced a guard with a prisoner, taken near the walls, who called himself a deserter from the city.

"Admit them," said general Montgomery, turning and advancing towards the door with expectation.

Two riflemen entered, guarding a youth dressed in the picturesque costume of the Canadian peasantry; then withdrawing to the foot of the tent, they left him standing alone in the midst of the council.

"Are you a deserter or prisoner, young sir?" sternly demanded general Montgomery, remarking with surprise his youthful appearance.

"I am prisoner now," answered the youth, pertly; "ten minutes ago I was a deserter."

"Have you deserted from the garrison?"

"I was not in the garrison: I like my freedom too well, to be mewed up there, like so many sheep waiting to have their throats cut."

"I'faith, Carleton must be hard run to man his bastions with such pigmies as this imp," said captain Morgan, whose large size authorized a comparison of this kind.

"Thou art an old boar," retorted the lad, turning upon him sharply, "and fitter to fill a ditch with that huge carcass of thine, than line wall or bastion."

"There you have it, Morgan," said general Montgomery laughing; "if Carleton's swords are as sharp as his tongue, we shall have warm work."

"And if thy officers' blades," spoke the lad, casting a significant glance towards captain Morgan, "ring not with better metal than their speech, there will be little blood shed in this siege."

"A truce to this saucy speech, malapert,"

said general Montgomery peremptorily, "and see if your tongue promise to be useful as well as sharp. When did you leave the citadel?"

"Within the hour."

"By what means?"

"Letting myself down the walls after dark."

"What induced you to take this step, and desert your colours?"

"They were no colours of mine: I chose to fight on the side where I had friends."

"Can you give me, my lad, any important information of general Carleton's operations?"

"That can I; 'twas for this alone I leaped the wall and hastened to this rebel camp. It was noised about by a deserter they let in after dark, that general Montgomery was to attack both the Upper and Lower Towns at the same hour, and that governor Carleton was making preparations to receive it."

"Ha, say you so, youngster?" exclaimed general Montgomery, while the other officers manifested great surprise.

"Trifle not with us," said colonel Arnold, grasping the boy's wrist till the blood turned

black beneath his finger-nails, "or your young neck shall answer for it!"

"Release the lad, colonel," said captain Germaine, a tall, pale, and courtly officer, about forty years of age, who had not spoken in the council; "how can he trifle, not having known our plans?"

"It puzzles me how in the devil it could leak out," observed major Brown.

"I have mentioned it, except before you, gentlemen," said general Montgomery, "to no one but my aid-de-camp, major Burton."

"And I think I can explain how the secret has transpired," said Burton. "When I parted from you at the tent door this evening, general, I espied a Canadian, as by his dress he appeared to be, skulking along the lines, and moving in such a direction from me, that I now feel confident he must have overheard, from behind the furze and stone walls which bordered our path, the conversation we had together in relation to the assault and the summoning of the council. I succeeded in arresting him, and he is the man whom I sent to you under guard

shortly after ; he probably was a spy, and has perhaps escaped again into the city."

" It must be so. He told me so fair a tale, and played the rebel so well with his tongue, that, after drawing all the information from him that would be of use to me, and accepting his offer of services as a guide to the Lower Town, I dismissed him to the ranks, cautioning the men who guarded him hither, however, to keep an eye on his movements. Wilson," he said, addressing one of the guards present, " go to lieutenant's Boyd's quarters, and learn if that Canadian deserter, calling himself Luc Giles, is to be found."

" Didst see the deserter, boy ?" inquired captain Dearborn.

" I did, and know him to be an arrant rogue."

" Is his name Luc Giles ?" demanded general Montgomery of the lad.

" As true as Old Nick be named Satan. I ne'er knew the hour both had not their heads and hands full o' mischief."

" It is clear enough, major Burton," said the commander-in-chief. " This intelligence,

gentlemen, threatens to interfere with our arrangements."

"But not with our ultimate plan, general," said Burton, promptly.

"How so, then?"

"The enemy, depending on the information they have received through their spy, are expecting us to attack both towns simultaneously, and will divide their forces, to be the better able to repel both; therefore we should make one real attack, with the best part of our force, upon the Lower Town, while they are thus weakened, and with a smaller detachment, make a feint on the Upper, to keep the troops stationed there in play, and prevent their coming to the relief of the quarter where we make the assault."

"It is well conceived," exclaimed general Montgomery, warmly grasping the hand of his aid; "in addition, I propose that we divide our army into four parts, one of which, consisting of the Canadian volunteers, shall be commanded by my friend, major Livingston," here he

bowed courteously to that gentleman, who, after a moment's hesitation, nodded compliance; "the other I shall give to major Brown," he continued, looking also towards that officer, who acknowledged his gratification at the appointment by a smile, and striking his hand against his sword-hilt; "these two divisions shall distract the garrison by making two feints simultaneously against the Upper Town, at St. John's and Cape Diamond. The third division, led on by colonel Arnold, and the fourth and remaining one, consisting of my New York troops, and commanded by myself in person, shall make two real attacks on opposite sides of the Lower Town. Does this plan seem to be feasible to you, gentlemen, and meet with your approbation?"

"May I inquire your object in selecting the Lower Town?" asked captain Germaine.

"All the commercial interests, and a great portion of the wealth of Quebec are in this quarter. If it is once in our power, the citizens, to preserve their possessions, will compel governor Carleton to capitulate."

" I believe I shall stand alone in any opposition I may make to general Montgomery's proposition," said Burton, looking round and observing the unanimous approval of the council. " My objections do not affect the mode of attack, which is admirable, and worthy the military genius of its author ; but I am decidedly opposed to general Montgomery's leading in person a forlorn hope, for such, undeniably, is each detachment destined for this assault. It is not his place ; and if he falls, it will be a death-blow to our hopes."

" The fate of the day will not depend on one division, nor on one leader," said colonel Arnold, sneeringly.

" Neither victory nor defeat will depend on me, or my personal command, as you remark, colonel Arnold," said general Montgomery, with dignity ; " if I fall, there will be others equally able to fill my place. I thank you, my young friend," he added, turning to Burton ; " but Richard Montgomery must not lag behind, while his brave men are in the van. I give my-

self to this enterprise, and live or die with it."

It was at length decided that the attack should be made between four and five o'clock the ensuing morning. The council then broke up. The result of its deliberations will shew how the wisest and most judicious plans are controlled by circumstances which lie beyond the reach of human foresight.

As the officers were departing to hasten to their several posts to prepare for the assault, Burton felt his sleeve pulled, and turning, saw at his side the deserter, in whom, on his entrance into the tent, he had recognised his old acquaintance and guide, Zacharie Nicolet.

" 'Tis you, then, sir Monk that was," he said, in a low, sharp whisper; "I thought when I came in I knew the blink of that dark eye, though it is not now flashing from beneath a priest's cowl."

"And your tongue betrayed you as readily, Zacharie. But how came you engaged in the wars?"

"By the pope's toe! didst thou not promise, or I did for thee, that I should be a soldier?"

One o' Carleton's companies, that volunteered in our neighbourhood, was marching to Quebec, and so I joined it; but, after we got into the city, I found thou wert not fighting on that side, and so I took a leap over the wall, and here I am, ready to fight or run away, just as suits thy humour. But how, i' the name o' all the saints, came you to let that Luc Giles come to camp, and return to garrison with his thick head full o' treachery? You keep poor guard here, even if two long-legged loons did make out to grab me," he added, glancing at his captors, who were both present, the one who had been sent to find the deserter having returned and already reported that he had disappeared from the camp; "but I stumbled over them in the dark, while they were snoring like a pair o' turtles, or they would have been none the wiser."

"You lie, you carrot-headed imp," cried one of the soldiers, indignantly.

"Silence, sir," interposed general Montgomery. "I suppose, major Burton, that I am to look upon this wild slip as one of your friends,

come to camp to learn the art of war under your auspices. You are, doubtless, the friend in camp he spoke of. But methinks, boy, you had best be learning the art of spelling at school; it would better suit your years."

"It's hard to tell a chicken's age by its teeth, as father Bon would say. If I had been at school this night, thou wouldst have known less now than thou dost, and been less wise in the morning."

"You say truly, boy. From this time you are attached to major Burton, if he chooses to receive such an adjunct."

"Willingly, general. He has done me good service already, and may be useful again. Perhaps he may be serviceable as a guide into the city."

"That may I. There is not a foot of ground within the walls but I have crossed it, nor path nor road to or from the city I have not put foot in."

"I could have sworn it," said Burton. "But keep your restless spirit quiet awhile, and do not leave me. Your services as guide may be more

useful than those of your friend Luc Giles. Guard, I will relieve you of your prisoner."

"Ay, go finish thy nap," said Zacharie, as they were passing by him to leave the tent, both casting on him no very amiable looks, "and keep a sharp look out when next you sleep, or, by the pope's toe! you may catch a Tartar."

Thus speaking, Zacharie followed his patron to his tent, and was regularly installed as his confidential esquire.

CHAP. II.

The Assault.

THE morning of the thirty-first of December, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, was ushered in with a tempest of snow, highly favourable to the storming parties, which, in four divisions, moved steadily and silently to the assault. The troops, on being drawn up at break of day, and

informed of the projected attack, were unanimous in desiring to be immediately led on; and General Montgomery, taking advantage of their high spirits, gave the signal for advancing nearly half an hour earlier than he had previously intended.

Placing himself with his aids at the head of his brave New York troops, he marched along the St. Lawrence, by the way of Aunsee de Mere, under Cape Diamond, and in the direction of a barrier which he knew to be defended by a few pieces of artillery mounted on a bastion, in advance of which, about two hundred yards, stood a blockhouse protected by a picket. This, from his own observation and the information of Burton, he considered the most advantageous point of attack, and therefore led, in person, the best part of his force against it.

His route lay round the base of the precipitous cliff upon which the citadel was built, and along a narrow path or beach between the face of the rock and the river, which flowed so near it as to leave passage only for a single column of three, and often but two men abreast. To

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add to the difficulties of the march of this adventurous party, enormous masses of ice, as rugged and massive as if they were fragments torn from the cliffs above their heads, were piled in wild confusion upon each other in their path, their perpendicular sides, presenting almost impassable barriers to their farther progress; but with an indomitable spirit of perseverance, and a firmness of purpose that characterized the American soldiers throughout the revolutionary war, they surmounted obstacles that appeared to defy human energies. Now clambering over precipices, now sliding down inclined planes of ice, and now creeping under overhanging rocks, they continued to press forward until they came suddenly upon the picket protecting the blockhouse, which was indistinctly seen through the falling snow a few yards in its rear.

"Here, my fine fellows," said Montgomery, who, during their march, was at one moment in the rear, encouraging the slow to persevere, at another in the van, animating them all by his example, "here is the way to victory. Pass

this picket and yonder blockhouse, and the battery is ours. Here, my man, I will take that axe. Look to the condition of your musket!" and taking an axe from a Herculean soldier who was about to assail the palisades, with a strong arm and heavy blows, he cut a passage for his men through the picket. The sound of his axe was the first intimation the defenders of the blockhouse received of the presence of the storming-party; and giving a scattering and harmless fire, they threw their arms over the breastwork, and with loud cries of "The enemy! the enemy!" fled in dismay and confusion for protection under the guns of the battery.

"The day is ours! On, my brave soldiers, on!" shouted the gallant Montgomery.

Waving his sword, he leaped through the breach he had made, which was now much enlarged by the labour of several soldiers, and the active co-operation of Burton, who, unless when sent to the rear on duty, had constantly marched by his side, sharing and relieving him of many

of his most arduous duties, and now, simultaneously with him, bounded over the picket.

"What, not twenty men by my side?" exclaimed Montgomery, in a voice of intense mortification, on looking back and finding but a few had yet gained the picket, while, as far as he could see through the thick atmosphere of snow, he beheld the remainder, in a lengthened line, slowly but perseveringly, in files and pairs, toiling towards the point of attack.—"Halt, my men," he said, in despair, to the few around him. "Haste, major Burton, haste, and urge them forward! 'Twere madness to storm with this handful.—Forward, my brave fellows, forward! Never mind your musket, my good fellow; seize a picket," he cried to a soldier, who had dropped his gun in the snow, and was stooping for it; "cool heads and brave hearts are all we want. Oh God! that the day should be lost now, when victory is in our very grasp! Forward, run!—on, soldiers, on!" he shouted. "Nobly, nobly done, major Burton.—Forward, men; you follow a brave young leader.—Ha, Horsford! are you there?" he exclaimed, seeing

his serjeant join him, with a score of men at his back; "now charge, all of ye, in the name of God and our country!" and waving his sword, he placed himself at the head of about two hundred men, whom his voice had gathered around him, and advanced boldly to force the barrier.— "We are not too late, major Burton," he said to the young officer, who was by his side, while his eye kindled as he glanced round upon the brave band which he led against the bastion; "I would not exchange this day's laurels for imperial Cæsar's. Press forward, ladders! Another moment, my brave men, and our standard shall float on that bastion," pointing forward with his sword as he spoke, and almost running towards the wall.—"Nobly done, M'Pherson—gallant Cheesman, you are ever foremost.—Nay, major Burton, not before me!"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a terrible glare illumined the battery, and the gallant chief, arrested in the animated attitude in which he was advancing, and with the battle-cry still lingering on his lips, fell backward, with his face to the citadel, and was caught in the

arms of Burton.—“On, on!” he faintly shouted, as the hurricane of death checked the rush of his troops; “heed me not!”

Ere the smoke of the cannon, which for a moment enveloped him like a pall, had rolled away, he breathed out his gallant spirit, and died, as a brave soldier should die, in his armour.

The spirits of the intrepid and chivalrous M’Pherson, of the brave Cheesman, of the honest and resolute Horsford, also accompanied that of their gallant leader—in death united with one they so honoured in life.

Burton, the only surviving aid of the brave and unfortunate chief, gently laid his noble form on the ground, and hastily wrapped it in his own cloak; then with a full heart, hastily dropping a tear to his memory, he shouted, with a voice that rung like a trumpet—“Charge, men! avenge your chief, or die with him!”

The soldiers, whose onward career had been so fatally checked, and who began to gather round their fallen leader, not like men who fear to advance, but like brave soldiers lamenting the fall of a gallant general, inspired by the thrilling

voice of the young officer, sternly grasped their weapons, and with a loud cry rallied round him. He himself was already at the foot of the bastion, ascending a scaling ladder, which had been planted against it by Zacharie, who, like his shadow, kept by his side. At this moment colonel Campbell, on whom the command of the forlorn hope now devolved, cried out—"Halt, major Burton! It is useless to pursue an enterprise that has terminated so fatally."

He ordered a retreat as he spoke, and the division precipitately retired from before the battery, a few brave fellows who reluctantly obeyed the disgraceful order, bearing the body of their chief in their midst.

Burton, execrating the apathy of the man who could thus desert an enterprise more than half achieved, slowly descended to the ground, and retreated from the barrier accompanied by his youthful esquire, who, before removing the ladder, had mounted to the highest round, from which he looked over the parapet, and satisfied himself, as he afterward asserted, that not a soul was in sight throughout the whole range of his

vision.—“ With my old dame,” he said, deliberately descending and following his master, “ and another old woman, her match, I could capture that battery, wheel the guns round, point them against the town, and take it.”

Burton heard him not, his mind was agitated by the death of his magnanimous friend and chief, and the shameful retreat of his party.

As he walked thoughtfully along, the firing of musketry in the direction of the Saut de Matelots, roused him to a recollection of the great object in which he was embarked. Hoping that the other division might accomplish what his own had failed in achieving, he assembled several soldiers of his detachment who had lingered behind, when they saw he made no haste to retreat, and followed by them, advanced rapidly towards the barrier attacked by colonel Arnold, who was now, by the fall of general Montgomery, commander of the forces.

The detachment led by colonel Arnold had moved forward at the signal for storming simultaneously with the party commanded by the unfortunate Montgomery. It pursued its march

towards the Saut de Matelots, against a barrier constructed at that point, and defended by a small battery, hastily thrown up, mounting two twelve-pounders. This division consisted of a company of artillery, with a single brass field-piece lashed on a sledge, and drawn by the soldiers; and in the rear, and behind Morgan's company of riflemen, the main body, composed of the Canadian volunteers and colonial militia.

This party was also distressed in its march by the difficulties it encountered at every step. The path through which it advanced along the skirt of St. Roques was rugged and narrow, and by leading directly into the face of the battery, was exposed for a long distance to a raking fire from the twelve-pounders, which commanded the whole breadth of its column, while its right flank, when its approach should be discovered, was open to a galling fire of musketry from the walls and other defences of the besieged.

Silently and swiftly, their march concealed by the darkness of the morning, which was increased by the thickly-falling snow, this intrepid band moved to the assault with that steady courage

which an enterprise so dangerous and so important called for at such a moment; one impulse and one spirit seemed to invigorate them all. The barrier was at length visible through the dense atmosphere, and with a shout they rushed forward to the attack. The besieged echoed the cry with a loud note of alarm, and flying to the walls, poured a volley of musketry upon the flank of the storming party, which, like a troop of spectres rising from the earth, had so suddenly appeared before them from the cloud of mist.

“Now, colonel, scale that barrier, and the city is ours!” said a tall dark man, in an antiquated uniform, half French, half colonial, and with a foreign air and accent, who had marched side by side with the leader during the advance, occasionally pointing out easier paths, as if familiar with the ground.

“Forward!” cried colonel Arnold, looking back, and anxious to save his flank from the distressing fire on their right, “forward! and not loiter there, to be shot down like bees!”

The men, animated by the voice of the stran-

ger, and encouraged by their leader, pressed on. Colonel Arnold was in the act of springing first upon the barrier, when the besieged discharged a heavy volley of musketry from the ramparts almost above his head, which killed and wounded many of his men, who dropped on every side: he himself uttered a sharp cry of pain, and fell severely wounded into the arms of his orderly sergeant.

"By the mass, my colonel, thou hast received a soldier's welcome before the foeman's gates!" said the stranger.

"If it had been behind them 'twould have been better welcome. Forward! lead on the men, sir," he said, writhing with pain from his shattered limb, as he was borne bleeding from the field.

"To the barrier—to the barrier!" shouted the stranger, rushing onward, followed by a few platoons of artillerymen, who, animated by the spirit of their new leader, deserted the useless fieldpiece, and drawing their swords, emulously strove to be first at scaling the barricade.

"Storm it, my brave fellows!" shouted Mor-

gan, pressing forward at the head of his riflemen.

Clambering up the face of the battery, he was aiding his ascent by clinging round one of the twelve-pounders, when it was discharged by the lighted wadding of a gun accidentally falling upon and igniting the priming. Although heavily charged with grape, it killed only a single man, who, recklessly climbing across the muzzle at the instant, was blown to atoms over the heads of his comrades below.

The rampart was immediately carried, and the battery, without the discharge of another gun, was in another moment in the possession of the gallant storming-party.

"Give quarter! disarm and make prisoners!" cried a loud voice, in a commanding tone, to the soldiers, who, in the first excitement of success, began to beat down all who opposed them; "stain not your victory with butchery!" and at the same instant Burton leaped, sword in hand, from the gun into the barrier.

"Ha, my gallant cavalier, art thou there?" cried the stranger, who had mounted the battery with Morgan, striking, while he spoke, the

pistol from the hands of the captain of the guard, and making him prisoner. "Thou art rather late; but there is something yet to do to keep thy young blood from cooling."

"Chevalier," said the youth, hurriedly pressing his hand, "I am glad to see you here; brave men are welcome at this hour, when so many brave leaders bite the dust. Forward, and carry the second barrier!"

"Bless me, sir," said Morgan, as he caught sight of Burton, "are you here, major Burton? How has Montgomery succeeded?"

"Lost, all lost!" he replied, in a low tone; "but, thank God, he cannot feel our disgrace!"

"What, not——"

"Dead."

"Dead! my God there fled a brave spirit!" said the captain, with deep feeling. "But what of the division?"

"Retreated when a sudden charge would have insured our success. I see you have carried the barricade, and the fortune of the day may yet be in our hands."

"I will draw up my troops in the street

within the defences, and instantly attack the second barrier."

"Do so, and let activity and courage redeem the fate of the other division."

"Who in the devil, major Burton, is this tall French-looking officer?" he inquired, as he was leaving him: "you seem to know him. By the sword of king Solomon, he fights as if he had served a trade at it! he wields that two-handed claymore, and lays on his blows with such right down good-will, that one would swear he was fighting for the love of it."

"A brave old French soldier, whom you may depend on as a faithful ally. See, your men have taken more prisoners than they can manage," added Burton, pointing down into the street, where the troops were disarming and taking into custody a score of Canadian burghers, armed artificers, and several English citizens. "Turn them loose outside the barrier, or lock the most unmanageable of them up in this stone house under a small guard."

"I will lock them all up," said Morgan,

descending into the street, followed by Burton and the chevalier.

The latter immediately called out in Canadian French for the Canadian volunteers to rally around him. He was soon at the head of twenty men, whom he drew up near the barrier, and awaited the signal to rush forward; this however Morgan, on whom the command now devolved, was not prepared to give. The party which had carried the barriers consisted only of his own body of riflemen and the corps of artillery, and did not amount in all to one hundred men; the main body of his forces had not yet reached the battery; he was under the necessity therefore of hastily forming his little force on the street within the barricade, and perceiving that he could effect nothing without additional support, in this embarrassing and critical situation he was compelled to await the arrival of re-enforcements.

The dawn had not fully appeared, and objects around him were rendered still more obscure by the storm, which still raged violently. His native intrepidity nevertheless might have carried

him onward, but unfortunately he was without the slightest acquaintance with the situation of that part of the city, without a guide in whom he could repose confidence, totally ignorant of the streets through which he was to lead his troops, and wholly unacquainted with the nature and strength of the barriers to be forced, before he could penetrate to the opposite extremity of the town.--“ My dear major,” he cried, in despair, to Burton, who had shared his impatience, “ for God’s sake return over the barrier, and quicken the steps of those laggards, or we shall lose the advantage we have gained.”

Burton leaped the parapet, and fearlessly run the gauntlet along the line of musketry, which, on his approach, recommenced its firing from the walls. Gaining the head of the main body, which was approaching slowly but in good order, he infused some of his own energy into the soldiers, whose blood had not yet been stirred by actual contact with the enemy. They shouted to be led on, and several companies rushed forward with their officers; but breaking into fragments before they gained the barrier, not more

than a hundred intrepid fellows scaled it, with Burton and captain Germaine at their head, and with trifling loss, joined the detachment drawn up on the inside, under Morgan, whose little party welcomed this addition to its number with loud shouts.

This re-enforcement was rapidly embodied with Morgan's force; and the whole party, feeling confidence in their numbers, and elated by the success already achieved, demanded to be led against the second barrier.

"Do you know the distance to it?" inquired Morgan of Burton, who again had taken his place by his side.

"No; but it cannot be far."

"'Tis not forty paces, for I paced it nimbly last night, ere I scaled the wall," said Zacharie, who, with a horse-pistol in one hand and a dirk in the other, walked behind his master.

"Art thou there, my young kite?" cried captain Morgan; "then lead on, in the name of thy manhood; for we are taught that great things may be done by babes and sucklings."

"If I lead the battle I'll wear the honours,"

replied the lad, who did not hear the last part of this speech, or doubtless it would not have passed unnoticed. "See now, what a dust I will kick up."

Fearlessly running forward as he spoke, he stopped at the angle of the next street, about twenty yards ahead of the attacking column, and discharged his pistol towards an object concealed from the view of the advancing party. He alertly sprung aside as he fired, and had scarcely regained the protection of the angle, when a shower of bullets, following the discharge of a heavy volley of musketry, whizzed harmlessly past him, at once betraying the position and presence of the enemy, and their readiness to repel an attack.

"Gallantly done, my brave boy!" exclaimed Morgan; "thou hast spared us twenty lives."

"Forward, men, before they reload," shouted Burton, as they gained the head of the pass, across which the besieged had constructed a strong battery; "plant your ladders firmly."

"Give them a volley, and sweep the barrier!" shouted Morgan.

Wheeling round the angle upon the run, the storming party rushed against the barrier under a tremendous and incessant fire from the battery in their front, and applied their ladders to the works ; but the courage and reckless intrepidity of the besiegers could not avail against superiority of numbers, and the disadvantages of the position into which the besieged had drawn them. The street, where they were crowded together rather than drawn up with military precision, was narrow, and besides the battery in front, was lined on both sides with stone houses, from the windows of which, they were galled by a spirited discharge of firearms.

“ *Hola ! my brave habitants,*” cried the cavalier De Levi, seeing one after another of the besiegers picked from the ladders, in attempting to carry the barrier, by marksmen concealed in one of these dwellings, “ *who will follow me to clear this house of its heretical horde ?*” Seizing a ladder as he spoke, he rushed forward to the windows, and was instantly followed by a dozen men also with ladders. They first discharged their pieces at the inmates, but with

trifling success, as their exposure to the storm had unfitted nine in ten of their firearms for use, and then gallantly mounted at several windows. After a short contest, they took possession of the building, from which, as their numbers were increased, they poured, with the few serviceable muskets they could command, a well-directed fire upon the barrier.

The fire from the battery at length became so incessant and fatal, that, finding it impossible to force the barrier, in attempting which, at the head of a few gallant soldiers, he had been repeatedly beaten back, although fighting with the cool courage of a veteran, Burton determined to throw himself into the houses bordering the scene of contest, both for protection from the fire of the besieged, and the violence of the storm, which bewildered the troops, and rendered their arms unserviceable.

The besiegers, now increased to four hundred men by the re-enforcement of the main body, immediately took possession of these defences, leaving the narrow street covered with dead and

wounded, and in a few minutes the firing from the battery ceased.

"Now, by the mass!" shouted the chevalier to Burton, who now had returned to the shelter of the house of which he had first taken possession, "I will strike one blow more for old Canada and old scores, and charge the barrier while its defenders are refreshing. If I carry it you will support me, and Canada will be free. If I fail I can only be slain, and fall like a warrior in my harness, which I desire to do. If this enterprise does not succeed," he added, sadly, "I wish no longer to live." Elevating his voice, he cried, "who will follow me to victory or death? for here we are as surely prisoners as if already in Carleton's dungeons. I will strike once more for my country, if it be my last blow," he said enthusiastically; and rushing out, he was followed by a dozen men, both Canadians and Americans, who had caught his enthusiasm.

This little band sallied with intrepidity from the house towards the barrier. Before its defenders, who supposed its besiegers had given

up their attempt to storm the works, could recover from their surprise and repel them, they had planted and mounted the ladders, and the chevalier, with two men, a'ready stood upon the top of the battery, striking off, as he gained it, the arm of a soldier about to apply a match to one of the guns.

Burton, beholding the result of this rash adventure, which he had at first warned the chevalier it was madness to attempt, leaped from the window shouting for followers, and found himself in a moment at the head of twenty men. In the midst of a sharp fire, which, as the houses were now in the possession of the besiegers, came only from the front, and therefore was not so annoying as it had been, and covered by a spirited discharge of musketry from their own party, they rushed forward.

The besieged now assembled in force to the defence of their post. With the loss of half his men, Burton reached the ladders, by which he actively mounted the battery, closely followed by Zacharie, and one or two soldiers, and gained the top of the works in time to support the

chevalier, who, covered with wounds, with his back against the gun he had captured, was defending his life against two Canadians, one of whom, a stout dark peasant, was attacking him with a short dagger, and the butt of a pistol. One of these Burton shot as he mounted the barrier; but, before he could gain his feet to second him with his sword, the chevalier received a ball in his breast, and fell dead across the cannon.

The peasant instantly turned upon Burton, and had raised his dagger to bury it in his bosom, when Zacharie, who was yet on his knees climbing over the verge of the parapet, close to the back of his leader, caught the Canadian by one of his feet as he drew back to give the blow, and, with a violent exertion of his strength, destroyed his equilibrium, and pitched him, with great danger to himself, headlong into the street among the bodies of his foes.

"Lie thou there, Luc Giles, where many a better man hath made his bed before thee," he quietly said, as he looked after him. "Thou hast

cheated the gallows at last, for which thou mayst thank Zacharie Nicolet."

He had hardly performed this feat, when he was caught in the arms of a stout soldier, and thrown back within the barrier. Burton, who in vain called on the soldiers below to mount and second him, was in the act of leaping back into the street again, when he was seized and disarmed by half a score of burghers.

The force of the enemy now momentarily increased on the barrier. A formidable detachment, composed of burghers, artificers, peasants, and a few regulars, despatched from the quarter originally attacked by Montgomery, marched to the head of the defile or street on the failure of this last attempt to scale the barrier, and completely blockaded the besiegers in the houses of which they had taken possession.

"Would that Montgomery had lived another hour, or Campbell had pressed on," said captain Germaine to an officer who lay wounded on the floor of the house nearest the barrier.

"In that case," said Morgan, with animation, "they would have crossed the town, and formed

a junction with us; but now, God knows, we have no alternative but to collect our broken forces and cut our way through that band of burghers who are drawn up to intercept our retreat."

This daring proposition, originating from a determined spirit, was at first generally approved of by the officers who had collected near him; but the great increase of the enemy's forces, which rapidly assembled, and now surrounded them in great numbers, plainly rendered its achievement altogether impossible.

"Well, gentlemen," observed captain Morgan, "I see our destinies are no longer in our own hands; we must make what terms we can with the enemy."

It was at length decided, that there was no other alternative left than to surrender themselves prisoners of war.

"When my poor Mary tied the knot of this cravat the morning I left home," said Morgan, with a feeling which he attempted to disguise under a careless tone, while he secured his white cravat to his sword, "she never dreamed that

it would be waved from a window in token of a gallant army's surrender—but such is the fate of soldiers!"

He advanced to the window with the neckerchief; and, although the slight exposure of his person was at first hailed with one or two single musket shots, these were soon followed by a loud shout when he extended his muffled sword, and waved the white flag it bore in token of surrender.

Thus ended one of the boldest enterprises of modern times, conceived by an active and intrepid soldier, with a display of skill and judgment evincing military talents of the highest rank. The loss of the besieged was trifling when compared with that of the Americans, which amounted in all to four hundred men, sixty of whom, including three officers, were slain, while the remainder, three hundred and forty in number, surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Several officers were wounded, and the clothes of those who surrendered were perforated with balls, and burned by the powder from the muzzles of

the enemy's guns ; striking proofs of the severity and obstinacy with which the assault was maintained. But even the possession of the city by this detachment without the loss of a single man would have been a victory dearly purchased by the fall of Montgomery. His death cast a cloud of gloom over the American army, and was universally deplored by his country, which has expressed its gratitude for his services, and cherished his memory by erecting a monument in commemoration of its high sense of his virtues as a man, a citizen, and a soldier.

CHAP III.

The Prisoner.

It is not our province to detail the operations of the campaign of the winter of seventeen hundred and seventy five-six, during the farther progress of the fruitless siege of Quebec. The

elegant historian and biographer, Marshall, and other writers, have left the novelist no excuse for encroaching on the empire of history: it is his province only to make use of the materials they have furnished him.

With the death of General Montgomery the soul of the expedition departed, and the Canadians, who, previous to this event, had encouraged the invasion of their country by the colonial army, began to lose confidence in the ability of the invaders to accomplish what they had undertaken. A universal disposition became manifest among them to withdraw their countenance from the American cause, and patiently endure the existing government, which, save that it was that of conquerors, was exercised with unparalleled forbearance and generosity towards the conquered. Referring the reader, whose curiosity may have been awakened by the perusal of these pages, to the histories of the period and the scenes which they relate, we will follow our hero, whose adventures it is alone our purpose to record, into the camp of the besieged.

Burton, on being seized and made prisoner as he was about to leap from the ramparts which he had so rashly but intrepidly mounted to support the unfortunate chevalier, was led, or rather dragged, to the rear by his captors, with that exultation which the besieged might be expected to display on making their first prisoner. Several of the Canadians proposed that his life should be sacrificed on the spot. Once he had nearly fallen a victim to their resentment, a rude burgher having cocked and presented a pistol to his head, when a British officer, who had hastened to the spot on seeing a prisoner, evidently of rank, struck it from his hands, and commanded them to release him. The captors reluctantly resigned their prize, but were better reconciled to the loss when, at length, the shouts of their comrades beyond the barrier informed them that the whole force of the besiegers had fallen into their hands.

"You are an officer in this rebel army?" said the officer, inquiringly.

"A volunteer, and an aid-de-camp to the late general Montgomery."

"It is then true that Montgomery has fallen. I heard such a rumour, and indeed, judged so from the precipitate retreat of his division. I regret that it is my duty," added the Englishman, with that military courtesy which none know better how to assume towards a prisoner than British officers, "to send you to general Carleton. Your sword, I perceive, has already fallen into the possession of those inexperienced volunteers, who know not how to use a victory with moderation. Ha! St. George!" he said, with animation, "those shouts tell me that your party have surrendered. I will attend you to the chateau, as I wish myself to be the bearer of the news to governor Carleton."

On the arrival of the officer to communicate the intelligence of the surrender, the governor was on a balcony of the vice-regal chateau of Saint Louis, which, supported by piers, projected over the precipice, and commanded a view of the Lower Town.

"I guessed it, Miltimore," he exclaimed, as the officer approached, rubbing his hands and pacing the balcony; "the storm is too dense to

see the operations, but those hearty shouts I heard awhile since came only from British throats. How many prisoners say you?"

"The whole attacking force has fallen into our hands; it cannot be much less than five hundred men."

"Bravely done! I would have been in the fray had I dared leave my post here. Their plan was so well concerted, that from the St. Lawrence to the basin every part seemed equally threatened. Had they come down on our heads, it would not have increased my surprise. I wonder at the result with such a leader as Montgomery."

"Montgomery has fallen," said the lieutenant: "he fell mortally wounded at the first and only discharge of artillery."

"Fallen! then has a brave man gone to his reward. I need not now be surprised at our victory; for, in spite of Harley the earl of Oxford's impeachment for attempting the same thing, I feared for our Western Gibraltar. 'Tis strange that he should have lost his life in at-

tacking a citadel which he himself, but a few years since aided us in acquiring!"

The governor paced the piazza, thoughtfully, a few moments, and then raising his eyes, as if to put a question to his officer, they rested on the prisoner, who stood within the window, guarded by two soldiers.

"Ha! whom have we here?" he quickly asked, fixing his dark and penetrating eyes upon him.

"A late aid-de-camp of general Montgomery, who was taken prisoner at the barrier."

A slight exclamation from a room which opened on the gallery, drew the attention of the gentlemen, and the train of a lady's robe was not so hastily drawn from the open door as to escape the prisoner's eye. The governor walked forward, closed the door, and then said, in a polite tone of sympathy—"I regret, sir, that the fortune of war has placed you in our hands. For one so young, methinks," he added, surveying him attentively, and then speaking somewhat sternly, "you are rather old in rebellion against your lawful monarch."

"I am not too young, governor Carleton,"

firmly replied the prisoner, " to distinguish oppression from injustice, and to know that George of England has no better title to my allegiance, or that of my countrymen, than Louis of France. When the monarch encroaches upon the liberty of the subject, the latter is not to be censured for asserting his invaded rights."

" Nay, young sir, your patriotism, like that of your hot-headed fellow-colonists, outruns your judgment. Great Britain is the colonial mother of your states, and as such is entitled to your allegiance, until she herself acknowledges your independence; and forsooth, because she desires you to contribute to the support of the government which protects you, you rise up in arms, and involve her in a civil war."

" The tax you allude to, which she levied, and which we resist, was not for the just and necessary expences of government, but for defraying the cost of the conquest of these very Canadas which she now holds. We did not choose to pay for Canada, nor did we esteem it the part of political wisdom to pour our money

into her coffers, without receiving some benefit from its outlay."

"Here you err again, my dear sir," said the governor, as if wishing to persuade; "you had the interest which all Britons, whether colonists or Englishmen, feel in the growth of empire."

"But we were not regarded as Englishmen, nor were the privileges and blessings of the British constitution shared by us. If we are Britons, why is not our voice heard on the floor of parliament? We ought—and future ages will echo the sentiment—to cast off our allegiance to the colonial mother, rather than submit to be taxed in any mode whatsoever, without being represented in the imperial senate."

"There may be something very plausible in all this," said the governor, in a careless tone, as if dismissing the subject; "but, sir," he added, advancing and taking him by the arm, and leading him from the place where he had continued to stand between his guards to the opposite extremity of the balcony, "I regret extremely that a gentleman apparently so well calculated to adorn society, and possessing ta-

lents and address to enable him to make his way among men, should have taken so unfortunate a side in this unhappy quarrel. The war will soon terminate, and the colonists who have engaged in it will labour under his majesty's displeasure; and, I fear, much blood will be shed, even on the scaffold, before all will be over. You are a volunteer, and therefore hold no commission in the rebel army; hence you will break no faith therein. Be persuaded by me to accept a commission in his majesty's service, and I will ensure you rapid promotion. After the war, if I am not deceived in you, I will favourably represent you to his majesty. Otherwise," he added, with some show of feeling, but with marked emphasis upon the last word, "I shall have to commit you to prison."

"I am flattered, Governor Carleton, by the confidence you are pleased to bestow on me," replied the prisoner, with cold politeness, "and appreciate your kind offer of patronage, but I fear I must forfeit your good-will in choosing the fate which war has allotted me."

"You will not, then, embrace my proposal,

young gentleman?" said the governor, with some sternness of manner, fixing his penetrating eyes upon his face.

"I will not, General Carleton," he replied, firmly, meeting his glance with an eye as keen and resolute as his own.

"Then take the consequences of your folly," said the general, turning away from him in displeasure, chagrined at his want of success, while at the same time really feeling interested in the fate of one so young and prepossessing in his address, for whose neck he beheld, in perspective, a gibbet or a block. "Miltimore, conduct your prisoner for the present to the guardroom of the hall, and desire Captain M'Lean to attend me here, that we may arrange for the disposal of the other prisoners."

The fate of the captive besiegers was soon decided. They were thrust into the Dauphin prison, there to await, in extraordinary suffering and privations, both from hunger and the severity of the season, their release, either by exchange, or some favourable operation of the war.

The apartment allotted to the prisoner in the

Chateau Saint Louis, at that period the military quarters of the governor, was a small oriel or anteroom adjoining the main hall; and, under the ancient regime, was often used for the temporary confinement of state-prisoners. It was built on the extremity of a bastion or wing of the building, and overhung the precipice. A single window lighted the cell and looked down upon the Lower Town, commanding a view of the basin in front of the city, and the shores of the St. Lawrence for many leagues. The window was without the precautionary addition of iron bars, as the possibility of escape was effectually precluded by the dizzy precipice which met the eye of the captive as it followed, with a giddy brain, its sheer descent of three hundred feet to the water.

The prisoner, on being left alone, approached the window and listlessly looked forth. At once his gaze was fixed in admiration on the sublimity of the prospect that burst on his sight. The storm had ceased, and the rising sun, dissipating the clouds that in innumerable fragments mottled the brilliant blue of the heavens,

shed a cheerful glow over the landscape, which, although mantled in snow, presented a majesty of outline that winter had no power to diminish.

The St. Lawrence moved majestically past, like a lake in motion. Its bosom was relieved by vessels of war; and numerous merchant craft of every class, from the tall Indiaman to the light sloop, and small sailboats, light skiffs, and batteaux, moving in different directions, gave life and spirit to the picture. The towering promontory on which the citadel stood stretched away from his eye like a gigantic wall, and was lost in the outline of the distant shores of the mainland; and the stupendous cataract of Montmorenci arrested his eye as it leaped from a cliff two hundred feet in perpendicular height in an extended sheet of foam, that rivalled in whiteness the surrounding snow. The distant populous country; the forests, churches, and picturesque villages; the lofty mountains, the summits of which lined the horizon; Point Levi, with its cottages and towers; the battlements running along the edge of the precipice; the density of the Lower Town; its crooked streets of rude

stone houses, alive with the victors and parties of his fellow-prisoners on their way to confinement under strong escort, all formed a striking scene, which was vividly impressed upon the mind, and was long retained in the memory, of the youthful captive.

Governor Carleton had scarcely dismissed his prisoner, with a sternness proportionate to his mortification at his failure in the conversion of a rebel to loyalty, when the door of the balcony opened, and a graceful female, veiled to the feet, came from the room to which the attention of both the governor and his prisoner had been attracted in the early part of the conference. Approaching him, as he was promenading the gallery, supporting his steps with his sheathed sword, which he used like a walking-stick, she placed a fair hand upon his shoulder, and removing her veil, though not sufficiently to exhibit the whole of her features, which were fair and youthful, said—"I congratulate you, my dear governor, on the surrender of the rebel troops to his majesty's arms."

" 'Tis a glorious victory, child, and has saved his majesty's provinces."

" There must be a great many prisoners," she continued; " I wonder what you will do with them all?"

" Lock them up till the rebels treat for them. But they ought to be shot, every one of them, as insurgents."

" Wouldn't it be wisest, general, to try and persuade them to join his majesty's colours? A little eloquence, I think, should succeed with them."

" No eloquence but that of the British bayonet will avail," he said, hastily. " They are stubborn, like all rebels, and obstinately bent on their own ruin."

" But why do you not make the attempt, general?"

" I have done so. But now I sent to prison a noble-looking youth, with the eye of Mars, and a brow and bearing that should have been that of a prince instead of an untitled rebel, and who from the first I took a fancy to, because I thought I discovered in him the elements

which go to make a man in these stirring times. And, forsooth, when I offered him his liberty and an honourable commission under his legitimate king, what does he but thank me as coolly as if he had only declined a glass of wine, and say he would rather choose a king's prison than a king's commission."

"And were you so cruel as to send the youth to prison, sir?" inquired the lady, in a tone of mingled sympathy and reproach.

"That was I; he is now doing penance in the guardroom cell."

"I wish you would let me persuade him, my dear General Carleton," she said, in a voice of the most insinuating sweetness.

"Cupid forfend!" said the governor, smiling. "Dost thou think those pretty eyes could convert an arrant rebel into a good subject? Nay, nay, my little novice, I am too old a falconer to train an eyas with a dove, coo it never so sweetly."

The maiden appeared for a moment embarrassed, and then said—"I can't bear that this poor youth should be shut up in a cold prison.

Will you give me leave to send Father Eustache to talk with him? I am sure holy council will avail him much."

"Thou art a true Catholic, girl, even though thou likest not a convent's walls. But who will answer that Father Eustache be not himself won by the youth? Our Canadian priests are already but indifferently affected towards the government."

"I will answer for his loyalty with my life," she said warmly.

"Were I a score of years younger," said the governor, with gallantry, "I would accept the security; but bargain that the gage should be thy hand instead of thy life."

"A poor hand, without roof or rood," she replied, with emotion.

"If justice can get thee back roof and rood, thou wilt yet hold a dowry in thy hand, that, with thy person, shall mate thee with the noblest. But go; have it your own way. But see that this new proselyte of Father Eustache's steal not thy heart, if I take him, on repentance, into my

military family. I must send thee to England, if once your eyes meet, to keep your lands from owning a colonial lord. Now go, for here comes M'Lean. Send me word—nay, come yourself, and tell me how your legate succeeds."

"You give me leave, then, to send the priest to the officer in the guardroom?" she said, turning back and speaking in a lively tone as she passed a window opening on the balcony where a guard was constantly stationed.

"Yes, yes," he replied, impatiently, as Colonel M'Lean entered.

"You hear that, soldier?" she said, lifting her forefinger as if to attract attention.

"Yes, lady," replied the armed automaton.

"Then send that man who is smoking by the fire to tell the guard of the prisoner's cell to be ready to admit a priest, by the governor's order, in a quarter of an hour from this time."

The guard briefly conveyed the order to the soldier, and the lady immediately disappeared through the door from which she had issued upon the balcony.

In a short time afterward, the sentinel sta-

tioned in the hall, into which the door of the prisoner's cell opened, was accosted by a priest advancing towards him from that part of the chateau appropriated to the governor's family, who demanded admittance to the prisoner in a voice scarcely heard beneath his cowl, which, with the privilege of the priestly order, he wore closely muffled about his face.

"I have no order from the general, Sir Priest," said the soldier.

The priest started as if embarrassed, and was at length about to retreat, when a soldier slowly opened one of the doors, and said, in a drawling, gaping tone—"Oh—h! John, I'd like to forgot. The general says as 'ow you must let in a priest to pray with—hey! there he be now; well, that's all right, then, and no mistake made. Heigho! eigho!" and the diligent messenger, gaping for the third time, closed the door and slowly disappeared.

"Well, I suppose it is all right, though I like to see written orders," grumbled the soldier, taking the keys from his belt and putting

one of them into the lock of a small door near him. Then turning the heavy bolt, he admitted the priest, and closing the door after him, cautiously turned the key.

The prisoner was still leaning out of the window, his eye watching with apparent interest the manœuvres of a vessel of war which was hovering about the shores of Cape Rouge, but his mind occupied by reflections on the temporary suspension of his liberty, and the check it placed upon the brilliant military career his ambitious aspirations had marked out, when the opening of the door of his cell roused him from his gloomy contemplations. Turning quickly round, he beheld the intruder, who raised a finger in a cautionary manner; then dropping the hood and robe, the lovely form of Eugenie de Lisle stood before him, and the next moment was clasped to his heart.

"Eugenie, my charming Eugenie!" he exclaimed, "is this reality or a vision?"

"Nay, if you doubt my identity," said the blushing novice, disengaging herself from his ardent embrace, "especially after such a mode

as you have chosen to convince your senses that I am flesh and blood, I had best vanish whence I came."

"Not so, sweet Eugenie," he said, seizing her hand as if to detain her; "I am convinced of your claim to mortality, though if cherubs have lips, I would swear those I have but now pressed were no mortal ones. But tell me, whether of heaven or earth, for both may justly claim you, Eugenie," he continued, pressing her hand, and looking into her eyes with a gaze that fascinated her with its love and devotion, his voice modulated to tones of inconceivable sweetness; "explain the mystery of your appearance here. Does the camp offer such charms for one so lovely that she must leave the roof of her protectress to follow its fortunes?"

"Or the fortunes of one in the camp, you would say, sir," she answered, with playful irony. "Upon my word, you young soldiers think your charms so irresistible, that maidens have nothing better to do than race the country to feast their eyes upon them withal. Now, if you think I followed you to the siege, because, like a heroine

of romance, I could not endure your absence, you are marvellously deceived. I am here for the same reason that you are, my gallant cavalier, because I could not help it. But sit here ; nay, a little farther off ! well, that will do ; and now, if you will be very quiet, I will tell my story."

In a tone more natural to her, and in better keeping with the true state of her heart, the feelings of which the maidenly raillery she assumed for the purpose of disguising only served to betray, she briefly recounted her adventures, to which we will devote the beginning of a new chapter.

CHAP. IV.

The Escape.

"THE evening you parted from me so very sentimentally," commenced Eugenie, with mock gravity, and putting herself in the genuine storytelling attitude, the faithful Horsford, without falling in love with me, as good general Montgomery predicted, placed me in the charge of colonel Olney, from whom and the general's lady I received every kindness which a distressed damsel could demand. The colonel's chateau is situated close to the river, and a gallery in the rear of the wing I was to occupy overhung the water. After I had retired to my room, wakeful from the various adventures of the day, and with my imagination too lively to yield to sleep, I threw up my window, which opened upon the

gallery, and, wrapping myself in a fur bonnet, and cloak of colonel Olney's, for a while promenaded there."

"Waiting for some invisible serenader, like a true heroine," said Burton, smiling.

"Did I not bid you be silent, Edward? Beware! or you will get but a half-told tale. I had walked but a few minutes, however, when other music than that of the guitar and lute reached my ears. It came from the water: I leaned over the balustrade and looked down upon the river, when the sound of oars became very plain, and I could see indistinctly through the darkness a boat approaching the land. In a little while it came to the beach directly under the chateau, and two men stepped on shore. They walked apart from those who remained in the boat, and at length stopped, in low but animated conversation, at the foot of the rock overhung by the balcony. I listened a few moments, and catching some words, such as 'Quebec,' 'Montgomery,' and 'colonel Arnold,' the legitimate curiosity of my sex was roused to learn more. So, wrapping my mantelet closer about

my person, I descended a flight of stairs leading from the gallery to a rough path down the side of the cliff. This I entered: after winding round the rock for a short distance, it conducted me to a small level area at the foot, and close to the speakers, from whom a sharp angle of the precipice only separated me. I could now hear every word, and soon ascertained that sir Guy Carleton was one of the two; the other I afterward learned was an influential tory from the States.

“ They spoke of the affairs which are on every tongue; of the approach of colonel Arnold; the danger of Quebec; the successes of Montgomery, and of the strength of the king’s party in the colonies. Governor Carleton at length gave some instruction and letters to the other, who took leave of him, and proceeded along the beach toward Trois Rivières. At the same moment I regained the path, to make good my retreat to the chateau; but in my haste, my foot slipped on the icy surface, and displacing a stone, the noise drew the attention of governor Carleton,

who was hastening back to his boat. At once suspecting a listener to his conversation, which, nevertheless, did not at all reward my curiosity, nor repay me for my trouble, he stopped and narrowly surveyed the face of the rock, when his quick eye detected the interloper. He sprang up the ascent, and the next moment I was his prisoner, rescue or no rescue. Before I could explain who I was, or why I was there, I found myself seated in the boat between two rough soldiers, and facing governor Carleton, on my way down the river. In reply to his interrogatories, I explained, very much to his astonishment, supposing he had caught some rebel spy to make an example of, who I was, and how I came to be at the chateau, and subsequently his prisoner. He recognised me by the boat-lamp, and I had the pleasure of exchanging my seat between my ruffian-looking guards for a place by the side of my captor.

“The next morning I arrived at Quebec, and have ever since remained in the family of governor Carleton, who has manifested a deep interest in me, and already taken legal steps pre-

paratory to the investigation of my hereditary rights. The acquaintance of sir Guy Carleton with my father, and his intimacy with madame Montmorin," concluded Eugenie, " renders the chateau more a home to me than colonel Olney's would have been. My presence here," she added, with feeling, " also affords me an opportunity of repaying in kind a debt of gratitude I owe you, Edward, for an escape some weeks since from a prison even more dreary than this."

As she alluded to the period which introduced to her heart the image of one who had since solely possessed it, and at the same time recalled the progress of that love, strengthened amid numerous dangers, the faltering tones of her voice, the softness of her manner, the telltale cheek and drooping eyelid, ingenuously told a tale of love to which the sentiments of the youthful soldier responded. Gently drawing her to his heart, he for the first time sought and received from her lips the assurance that he was beloved. Before they separated from that lingering embrace, they had exchanged vows of unchanging constancy. The words were registered in hea-

ven; but, alas! they were uttered on earth, and by mortals!

The ringing of a musket on the pavement of the hall, and the tramp and voices of men relieving guard, recalled them from bright creations of the future to the realities of the present moment.

"A monk hath gone in, I suppose, to confess the prisoner," said a voice, which Eugenie recognised to be that of the guard. "You will have to let him out when he gets through."

"Ay, ay; lave me for doin' that same," replied the soldier who had relieved him; "and, by St. Pathrick, will I axs him for absolution and holy wather for me sins!"

"'Twould take the Red Sea to wash your sins out, Teddy," rejoined the soldier, with a laugh. "You'd best ask him to give ye a little o' the oil of extreme unction to make your skin slippery, so that if the devil grabs you, you can slip through his fingers like an eel."

"The divil hould ye wid his clutches in purgatory, omadhown an misbelaaver that ye are,"

replied Teddy, as the hall door closed and separated him from his opponent.

His measured tread was soon alone heard moving regularly across the hall.—“Dearest Eugenie, you have placed yourself in danger by visiting me,” said the lover. “I fear your anxiety on my——”

“Now, do not say any thing too flattering to yourself, my dear Burton: I am in no jeopardy whatever; it is you who are in danger, and,” she said, firmly “I am determined to aid your escape.”

“Impossible, my lovely enthusiast; if I possessed wings, as I have no doubt you do, why I might perhaps fly from this window and find freedom on yonder promontory; but otherwise there is little chance for me.”

“This monk’s frock will serve you better,” she said, with animation, “than wings, Edward, if you will envelop yourself in it, and pass the sentinel as father Eustache, as I have done. The way is open to the gate; there you will find no obstacles, for priests are privileged, their holy duties calling them forth at all seasons.”

"Romantic girl!" he said, embracing her; "you should be a soldier's bride! But this may not be. The attempt possibly might be successful; but I cannot consent to adopt the steps you propose to gain my liberty. You will be sacrificed to governor Carleton's displeasure, which will fall upon you when he learns my escape."

"He cannot injure a woman!"

"But he will withdraw his paternal care from you."

"He will not; but I am willing to sacrifice it, if need be, and all else, to save your life."

"But my life is not in danger, Eugenie."

"But it may be," she said, earnestly. "Oh, I cannot live and know that you are in a dreary prison. This is not long to be the place of your confinement: you will be removed within the hour, and be thrown into some gloomy prison, perhaps the horrid Dauphin, with a hundred others, and exposed to every privation. No, no, you must consent to escape. I will promise you my agency shall never be known to the governor."

"Assure me that you will not suffer by your generosity, and I will yield, noble Eugenie."

"Oh, how stubborn you are! You never thought of obstacles when you released me from my religious imprisonment."

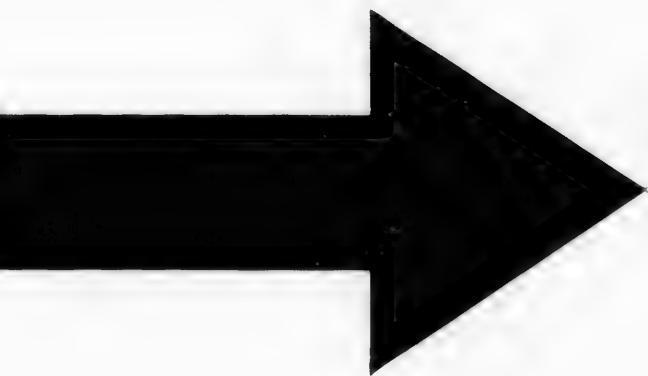
"But I had a prize worthy of every sacrifice to rescue," he said, ardently.

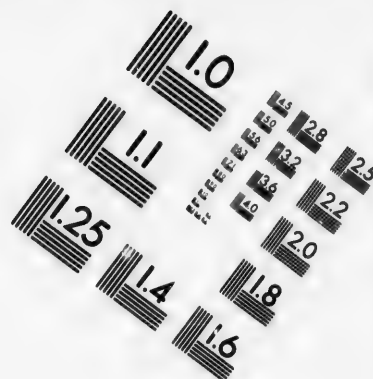
"And have not I a prize? Nay, do you not now, by doing what I request, serve me more than you then did, inasmuch as your liberty is dearer to me than my own? Must Eugenie believe herself less dear to Edward now than she was then?"

"Dearest, noble Eugenie! You have conquered! If you will only assure me that governor Carleton can in any way be kept in ignorance of your agency in this romantic attempt, I will obey you."

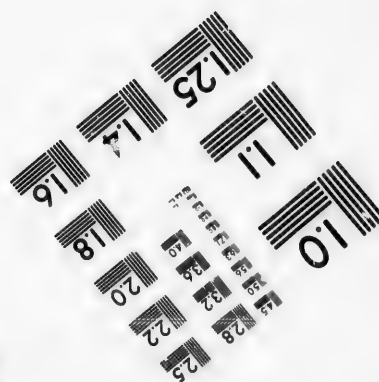
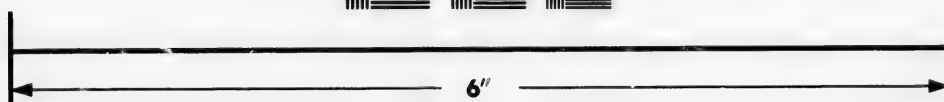
"The guard will permit whoever goes out disguised in this monk's frock to pass freely. I will remain here until from this window I see you take boat and land at Point Levi on the opposite shore. Then, assured of your safety, I will boldly call the guard to let me out. If he betrays any surprise, I will amuse him with some excuse; for, as I have been here some weeks,







Resolution test chart showing patterns of horizontal and vertical lines with numerical values ranging from 1.0 to 4.0. The chart includes a central column of values: 1.0, 1.1, 1.25, 1.4, 1.6, 1.8, 2.0, 2.2, 2.5, 2.8, 3.0, 3.2, 3.6, 4.0. The patterns of lines become increasingly dense as the numerical value increases.



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most of the chateau guards know my person. When your escape is discovered, his own safety will keep his tongue."

" 'Tis well planned, my brave Eugenie. But still I fear the result."

At length, yielding to the arguments, entreaties, and even tears, woman's last resort, of Eugenie, the prisoner consented to escape after settling the place of their next meeting. Disguising himself in the monk's cassock, he said, as he drew the cowl about his face—" This has been fortune's cap to me, and I cheerfully trust to it once more."

" Remember," she said, impressively, " you are to leave the city immediately for the States. I shall anxiously follow your escape with my eyes till you arrive at Point Levi."

" I remember ! and that in the spring I return to claim my bride !"

" If my father's lands are mine. Thou shalt not take me penniless. If your restless spirit must find employment in war, seek it nearer its great theatre, in the province of New York."

A brief and protracted leave-taking took place

between them, after the manner of all true lovers, and especially as became the hero and heroine of a romance. Burton now informed her of the death of her friend and protector, general Montgomery, which deeply affected her, and added to the sadness of their parting.

He now called to the guard, and was let out by him ; not, however, without being solicited for absolution ; but he hastily passed him, and safely gained the outside of the chateau.

Muffling his face in his cowl, he steadily pursued his way through the narrow avenues of the town, between rows of ancient stone houses, in the direction of the Mountain street, which led from the citadel to the Lower Town. At one moment he was jostled by a crowd of soldiers, who paid little respect to his holy garments ; at another involved in a group of females and children, crowding with lamentations about the dwelling of some burgher or artificer slain in the assault. Once, at the corner of a street, his robe was seized by a youth, who entreated him to hasten and confess his father in the last agonies. He was about to follow the boy as

the only alternative of preserving his apparent character, and turning suspicion from his disguise, when a child came running and saying—
“ It is too late ; trouble not the holy father.”

Descending the precipitous way cut in the face of the cliff, he encountered a file of prisoners, escorted on their way to prison, by a detachment of soldiers. As the road was narrow, and the crowd great, he was compelled to walk past so close as to brush against them. He had nearly escaped the throng when he was gently pulled by the sleeve ; turning hastily and in some alarm, he caught the eye of Zacharie, who was tied to another prisoner by a stout cord. His first impulse was to endeavour to effect his release. Stopping, he rapidly ran over in his mind some feasible plan to liberate his esquire from his thralldom.

His motive was understood by Zacharie, who immediately set up a most lamentable cry, twisting his features into contortions inimitably expressive of violent pain, and crying out—
“ Oh, I am dying ! oh, for a holy priest to relieve my conscience ! *Misericorde* ! oh, a priest,

a priest!" and flinging himself upon his knees beside his fellow prisoner, to whom he was bound, he lifted up his voice in the most pitiful wailings.

Before the monk could recover from his astonishment, he was seized by half-a-dozen burghers and soldiers, and dragged with pious celerity to the dying penitent.

"The saints reward you!" cried the sufferer. "Oh, stand back! father, my soul—oh, oh—I shall not live! Oh—holy monk, thine ear."

The bewildered monk bent his ear to the feigning penitent, when he said quickly, in a low voice—"Bid the villains cut my cords. Oh, I shall die—my hands!" he began, in a higher key than before.

"Cast the cord loose," said the monk, now in some degree enlightened.

The prisoner was instantly released, but his howlings continued to increase rather than diminish, and he rolled over the ground in apparent agony.

The captain of the guard at length said—"Leave the poor lad with the father. If he re-

covers, we'll make him responsible for him. If he die, as he's like to, why the priest can bury him."

The detachment of prisoners again marched forward; and as their distance increased, so did the invalid's malady decrease. He at length became so much better as to lean on the monk's arm, who promised the dispersing crowd that he would be accountable for him.

"He's but small fry, any how," said a citizen, turning away.

"'Tis father Eustache, I think," observed another, as the priest and his penitent walked slowly down the hill.

"I think he be," replied a third, "though he looks some bit shorter than the father."

The monk no sooner arrived in the Lower Town, than Zacharie was miraculously restored to the full possession of his health, and walked briskly beside his deliverer towards the quay.

"Zacharie," said the monk, "your lungs do you credit, and what with your wits, have held you in good stead to-day. I suppose you will use your liberty, if we get safe across the water,

to good purpose, and return to study the humanities with father Ducosse."

"I prefer studying the broadsword with thee, sir."

"But I am on my way to the States."

"Then am I," said Zacharie.

Finally, as he could not be prevailed on to return to his maternal roof, he was permitted to remain with his master, who knew from experience the value of his services.

On their way through the streets they passed a house which had been occupied by the American troops. Numerous dead bodies were lying about, some of them half-hanging from windows, others laid across the threshold, or piled before the doors. They paused here an instant; and the monk gazed on the scene with emotions in which disappointment and regret for the fate of the day were mingled with revulsion at the gory spectacle of human carnage.

They were about walking forward again when a deep groan fell upon their ears. Burton's steps were arrested; and, looking round, he beheld in a recess, reclining on the pavement, with his

back supported by an aged larch which grew beside the building, an officer apparently severely wounded. He drew near him, and recognised captain Germaine. The wounded man lifted his eyes at his approach, and feebly extended one hand, while he covered his breast with the other, vainly trying to stanch the blood which, from a deep wound, oozed through his fingers.

"Not badly hurt, my dear captain?" inquired Burton, putting aside his cowl and showing his face, while he sympathizingly took his hand.

"Dying, major Burton. My campaign is ended for this life."

"Not so bad, I trust, captain Germaine."

"It is all over, major. I have one request to make before life runs quite away. I have a fond wife and an affectionate daughter. Take a locket and papers from my breast when I am dead, and bear it—oh, God, that I should die and leave them desolate! Take it—bear it to them with my dying affection!"

"It shall be done as you wish," said Burton, pressing his hand with warmth.

The dying soldier acknowledged his gratitude

by a look of satisfaction, and then feebly articulating—" Laura, my dear wife—Caroline, my child—farewell ! Give my Laura your hand from mine, major. Tell her it received my *last grasp* in death."

In a few moments the soldier was no more. Burton closed his eyes, and removed the packet and miniature undisturbed by the few passengers gliding with alarmed and anxious faces through the streets, who, viewing his religious garb, believed he was performing the last duties of religion to a soul, and respected his sacred office. Covering the dead soldier with his cloak, Burton cast towards him a farewell look, and, with Zacharie, hastened on his way to the river, and embarked for the southern shore.

As the footsteps of her departing lover died away at the extremity of the hall, Eugenie, with a face beaming with hope, while her heart throbbed with anxiety, took her station by the window to trace his flight. She caught sight of his form as he descended the steep thoroughfare of the town, and with speechless terror saw him seized by the soldiers ; and, although her limbs scarcely

supported her sinking frame, and her eyes grew dim with the intensity of her gaze, she watched the whole scene altogether incomprehensible to her, until the procession of prisoners again moved on. With a prayer of gratitude upon her lips, she saw him again proceed on his way, supporting a youth. Her eye followed him until he was hidden by the roofs of a projecting hangar or warehouse, when he was lost to her gaze in the windings of the irregular streets. Soon afterward she saw him, still, to her surprise, attended by his companion, arrive at the shore, and put off in one of the numerous batteaux that plied for hire between the city and Point Levi.

She kept her place at the window, and gazed after the boat until its inmates were scarcely distinguishable, and from time to time answering the wave of a white handkerchief which fluttered for an instant, as if by accident, above the head of one who sat in the stern, with a less cautious signal of her fair hand. When the boat was blended with the opposite shore, she strained her eyes to distinguish the form of her lover as he disembarked. The smile that dwelt on her

lip when she was at length assured of his safety from pursuit, was instantly chased away by the tears that came fast into her eyes when she thought she should behold him no more for many months, perhaps never meet him again on earth. Between mingled emotions of joy and sorrow, the maiden, losing the heroine in the woman, kneeled by the window, and, with clasped hands and full heart, thanked Heaven for his escape. She then put up a silent prayer for their speedy and happy reunion.

Now casting a long lingering look towards the opposite shore, she turned with a deep sigh from the window: after making one or two ineffectual attempts to address the sentinel, she at length, by a strong mental effort, summoned that energy which her situation demanded, and with a smile at anticipating his surprise, said, in a firm confident tone—"Ho, sir soldier! draw bolt and let me out. Do gallant Irishmen keep guard over ladies?"

"The devil, thin, but 'tis a faamale voice!"

"To be sure it is: so let me come out, if you be a true Irishman."

" You're a leddy, by your own swate spaking lips. But, faith now, I've no orthers ony for the praast as is off, widout nivir laaving a blissin ahint him."

" I do myself give you orders to let me out."

" An' if ye'll tell me, honey swate, what is yer own jewill of a name, I'll maybe let ye out."

' Have you never heard tell of Kate Kearney?' sung, or rather chanted, his prisoner in reply, and in a lively voice of such sweetness, that either at the name or by association, the Irishman's heart opened, and applying the key to the door, he said, as he turned the bolt—" By St. Pathrick, an' I'm the lad has often heard till of Kate Kearney of Killarney; and if—och hone! here's traason in pitticoats," he cried, as his prisoner darted through the half-opened door like an arrow, knocked his musket down with a heavy clash, and disappeared through the hall leading to the inhabited wing of the chateau.

Recovering his musket, the astonished Teddy found that the cell was deserted; neither priest nor prisoner was to be seen. At first he prepared to lift up his voice to give the alarm; but the

reflection how far he might be suspected in aiding the escape of the prisoner, whom he believed he had permitted to pass by him in the guise of a female, suggested to him the expediency of forestalling an examination and a military sentence by desertion to the enemy. Suppressing, therefore, a sort of Irish howl, with which he was about to give voice to his lamentations, he carefully locked the door of the cell, stole from the chateau, and found his way into the enemy's camp, which, under general Arnold, who had now assumed the command, was pitched three miles from the city, with the object of reducing it by a blockade. Eugenie gained her room undiscovered and unsuspected. On learning the escape of his prisoner and the simultaneous desertion of the guard, governor Carleton was impressed with the idea that the soldier had betrayed his trust, and voluntarily liberated and escaped with him.

Leaving the northern division of the American army to its destinies, we shall now transfer the scenes of our story to a period some months

later than that embraced by this portion of our narrative, and fix them on an equally important theatre of the war which gave to these United States their independence.

CHAP. V.

The Spy.

OUR romance now continues at that period of the revolutionary war when the British army, favoured by the toryism of its inhabitants, had taken undisputed possession of Staten Island, and were contemplating a descent upon Long Island, preparatory to an investment of New York. Around this fated city, like the eastern hunters, who enclose their game in a vast circle, which they contract until they secure it, the British general had been gradually, but surely, concentrating his forces for a final and decisive blow.

On Staten Island, a mile or two inland, the earl of Percy had taken up his headquarters; but, so far from being idle while waiting the preparations of lord Howe for landing his forces to attack Brooklyn, he kept up a vigilant system of espionage on the beleagured city, and was diligent in employing means to obtain information of the movements of the army under Washington, then in possession of the whole of York Island.

Several days had elapsed without any intelligence from the city, the increased vigilance of the American general having rendered communication, at first sufficiently easy, now both difficult and dangerous. Some tory spies, despatched by lord Percy to gain what knowledge they could of the intentions of the Americans, either had been arrested, or returned, reporting their inability to hold any communication with the royalists in the town. He therefore saw the necessity of adopting other means, which should enable him not only to obtain accurate intelligence from the head-quarters of the American

general, but preserve uninterrupted communication with York Island.

It was near sunset on a lovely evening in August, about seven months after the defeat and death of Montgomery, that the earl of Percy was slowly promenading the gallery of a villa which a colonial royalist had resigned to him for his head-quarters, his thoughts busily occupied in devising some method of obtaining regular and accurate intelligence of the enemy's movements. It at length occurred to him that he should be able to open an uninterrupted and sure correspondence with the city, and he advised of the plans of Washington, as soon as they should transpire, through the instrumentality of an individual then an inmate of the mansion.

No sooner had this idea flashed upon his mind, than, hastily turning in his walk, he entered a library which, by long Venetian windows, opened upon the piazza, and ordered a servant in livery, who was in waiting, "to say to major Ney that he desired an interview with him." He then seated himself before a table and commenced writing.

The appearance of the nobleman in this attitude was striking and dignified. He was in the prime of life, and the clear, falcon glance of his eye, and his haughty, though not unbecoming port, evinced both the soldier and hereditary noble. His whole bearing betrayed the man of high birth, conscious that his brow was encircled not only with laurels won by his own hand, but with those of a long line of princely and warlike ancestors. He wore his own hair, powdered after the fashion of the period, and, excepting his sword and military hat, which lay beside him on the table, he was dressed in full uniform.

As major Ney entered the library, he waited to affix his signature to a letter he had just completed; then looking up, with a courteous smile of recognition and welcome, he said, in a voice trained by long intercourse with all classes of men, to tones remarkably bland and winning, as if he sought to impress rather by the sound of his voice than by the words he uttered—"You are welcome, my dear Ney. Do me the honour to be seated, or, rather, as there is a rich sunset,

and a pleasant breeze is blowing in from sea, I will take your arm and promenade the piazza, while I communicate with you a few moments on a subject of infinite importance to the present campaign."

Thus speaking, he condescendingly passed his arm through that of major Ney, and led him from the library to the gallery. The two gentlemen were soon engaged in animated colloquy. Leaving them to pursue their conversation, we will, in the mean while, introduce the reader to another part of the villa, and to an individual therein, whose fate is involved in the result of their interview.

In a boudoir looking upon a lawn on the north side of the dwelling, and a little while before sunset, the same evening, we introduce lord Percy to the reader, sat a young lady, who, save an attendant, was its only occupant. She reclined by a window that opened like a door upon the terrace. Into it peeped innumerable gay flowers, which filled the apartment with their fragrance. Her eye had wandered west-

ward over green fields, and rivers, and bays, spread out beneath a roseate sky, the tints of which enriched the scene with the effect of a painter's pencil. Wearily had she traced the flashing waters of the Hudson till they were lost in the far-off pass of the Highlands. Even the green and cottage-sprinkled shores of Long Island failed, for more than an instant, to arrest her eye. With a listless air she gazed on the ships of war, composing the fleet of great Britain, riding at anchor in the Narrows, which were alive with boats passing and repassing between the shipping and the opposing shores, while the illimitable sea spread its world of waters beyond. Even the picturesque appearance of a tented field lying almost at her feet, its white pavilions relieved against the green plain or half-concealed by the foliage of the encircling woods, drew from her lips only an exclamation of impatience. Turning her eyes away from all else, she fixed them lingeringly on the distant city, which sat, like Tyre, upon the waters, its towers proudly lifted from their bosom, and its outlines mellowed

by the twilight, which, like a blush, suffused the hazy atmosphere.

After gazing a few moments in this direction, she sighed, and, suddenly turning to her attendant, said, in the tone of a spoiled beauty—"I am tired to death, Marie, at being mewed up here, without seeing a soul except lord Percy, who is too grave to smile, and thinks too much of his own dignity to notice me; my graver pa, or some pert officer, who comes and goes like a rocket. One might as well become a nun at once. I wish I had been a soldier, or anything rather than a poor dependant woman, with a stern father for a chaperone. Look you, Marie," she added, with an air of mystery, and in a cautious tone of voice, "I'll tell you a secret!"

"Of all ting in de world, a secret be what me loves to hear," replied Marie, rubbing her hands, and dropping a tambour-frame on which she had been indolently employing her fingers, at the same time opening her black eyes to their full periphery.

"And, above all things, what you love to tell. But listen."

Before we also give ear to the lady's secret, we will, after the most approved manner of novelists, describe the personal appearance of one who is to perform no inferior part in the remaining scenes of this romance. Her moral picture, like that of Eugenie, we shall leave gradually to develop itself in the course of events.

She had been, for the last half hour, listlessly reclining on an ottoman, which was standing half on the lawn, half in the window; but, when she addressed her maid, she slightly raised herself and assumed a more animated attitude, at the same time lifting one finger in an impressive manner, in order to draw her attention to what she was about to relate. The easy and graceful attitude she had unconsciously assumed; the curious and eager features of the listening slave; the gorgeous and oriental aspect of the apartment; the window half hidden in leaves and flowers; the smooth lawn; the encircling bay and its green islands; the distant city and blue mountain line of the northern horizon, presented altogether the most strikingly beautiful of all objects—earth in her loveliest robes, graced by

her loveliest and brightest ornament—woman.

The lady was very young, her youthful brow bearing the impress of not more than fifteen summers, but summers every touch of which had been laid with the finger of beauty. Her silken unbraided hair, which was dark as the raven's plumage, was from time to time lifted by the evening wind from her brow. It was long and wavy, and flowed with the luxuriant freedom of a child's about her neck, the Parian whiteness of which was chastened by a tinge of the Italian clime, yet so lightly added that it arrested the eye only by the peculiar delicacy and softness it lent—a rich shadow, mellowing and subduing the radiant lustre of the blonde, and spreading the warm glow of life over the exquisite whiteness of the marble De Medici.

Her cheeks were tinged with the same olive shade, enriched by mingling with the carnation that, with every movement, mantled them. Her forehead, on which the hair was parted evenly, was full and intellectual. Her brow bespoke enthusiasm, pride, and passion, and a haughty spirit sat in the midst of its severe and feminine

beauty. Her eyes were large and black, and seemed floating in a lake of languor. Their expression was at one moment melancholy, at another lively; flashing into fire, and then melting with indescribable softness, while joyous tears seemed to tremble behind their long lashes. Her mouth was delicately formed, but her beautiful thin upper lip wore a slight curl of sarcasm, which heightened its lofty beauty while it warned the impassioned gazer to beware of the arrows of wit that a fortress so armed might discharge on the unmailed besieger. The severe and classical beauty of her nose; the finely-moulded chin, and the faultless contour of her face; the polished neck and well-turned arm, coquettishly bared from her robe, have seldom found being, save in the imagination of a Canova or a Thorwaldson. Yet, with all this exquisite perfection of form and feature, the maiden was one for whom knights might break lances and heads, whom all men would admire, but none dare to love. Her beauty was like that of a fallen and still beautiful angel rather than one of earth's lovely and loving ones. There was a

strange fascination dwelling in the deep fountains of her dark eyes, every motion of which was eloquent, a fearful beauty in the expression of her curling lip, while her whole manner and aspect betrayed a wildness of spirit and an impatience of passion in strange contrast with her feminine loveliness.

Her voice, as she addressed her attendant, was liquid and full, rather like the more sweet, yet not less martial notes of the clarion, than the soft womanly tones of the flute. She was a West Indian by birth, and the daughter of a beautiful creole, whom her father, major Ney, married seventeen years before, while on the West Indian station. As her mother, with whom she had lived on a plantation in Jamaica, in creolian luxury, and who had spoiled her by indulgence, died a few months before major Ney was ordered to America on the breaking out of the revolution, he had brought his child with him, with the intention of taking her to England, on the termination of the war. During her sojourn at his head-quarters, lord Percy had been struck by the vigour and maturity of

mind she displayed, her keen wit and unusual intelligence; nor had he been altogether unmoved by the extraordinary beauty of her person. As we shall hereafter see, he determined to profit by her talents.

Marie, her faithful attendant, who had accompanied her from Jamaica, was a tall, slender, graceful mulatto; her figure possessed that undulating outline, and that flexibility and elastic movement of the limbs peculiar to her race, and which resembles the facile and harmonious action of the leopard; her eyes were full orbed, lustrous, and black as the sloe, dilating and sparkling with brilliancy when animated, but at other times half hidden beneath drooping lids that fell languidly over them; her teeth were white, and contrasted finely with the golden brown of her skin; her hair, which was glossy and wavy like the fleece of the Angola, was tastefully braided, and wound in a sort of imitation of the tower of Babel on the summit of her neat round head, the smooth surface of which defied the phrenologist.

Having given some space to the description of our heroine, and farther intruded on the

gentle reader's patience by honouring Marie with a passing notice—for confidential maids and valets are sub-heroes and heroines—we will only remark in passing, that neither caps, stiff high stays, nor hoops, disfigured either the lady or her attendant. The former was enrobed in a *robe de chambre, couleur de rose*, with her faultless feet thrust into high-heeled shoes of pink satin; a half embroidered frill, with the needle sticking in it, lay on the floor beside the ottoman, on which were thrown one or two French romances. Marie was arrayed in a bright yellow spencer and brighter green petticoat, with her pretty feet—for she had very pretty feet—encased in clocked cotton hose, and thrust into a pair of shoes of some red stuff, and with heels full two inches high, which materially aided her position as she leaned forward to listen to the expected secret.

“ My secret is this, girl,” said her mistress, “ I have made up my mind that I will not remain here another day at anybody's will; so I have determined to give pa the slip, and go over to town. Such a milk-and-water set of

officers as Percy has in his camp, eyes of woman never gazed on."

"Go to de town, Missis Isabel!" exclaimed her maid, in undisguised astonishment, "who, for Heaben's mercie, will you go for see dere?"

"Gallant cavaliers and handsome! shows, balls, and theatres! life, and gaiety, and perchance beauty, where I may battle with a rival! Of what use is beauty here, where it meets no competitors?—like the soldier's sword, what worth, if not to triumph over others, and make slaves of men?"

"Tis a fac, Missis. "You is too purty," said Marie, with simplicity; "dere's dat mischief boy midshipman, dey calls de young prince Willie, who came up from de ship and dine here yesterday; I heard him say you was purty 'nough an' proud 'nough to be England's queen."

"Those were his words, girl?"

"Exact to a syllabus, Missis."

"Prince William was it?" she said, thoughtfully; then added, with a sparkling eye and lofty look, rising and traversing the room, "but he is but a boy after all; and were he not, dare

I aspire so high? Ay, there is no human pinnacle however high that Isabel Ney dare not strive for: I will keep my eye on this kingly scion; he already nibbles at the bait—he shall yet take the hook, or I have no skill at angling: if I cannot win a throne as a king's bride, I will win a Cæsar, as Cleopatra did!" She had no sooner given utterance to these words, than her brow and bosom were suffused with a deep crimson; and hiding her face in her hands, she for a moment stood still, as if overpowered with shame and confusion, like one before whose moral sense the dark and mysterious secrets of his bosom are unexpectedly laid bare, and whom the appalling vision strikes suddenly dumb.—“God knows,” she said, after a moment's silence, without removing her hands, “that I meant not what my tongue uttered.”

This tribute paid to her maidenly feelings, which, recoiling from the rude shock they had received, had asserted for a moment their supremacy over a virgin bosom which neither crime nor temptation to crime had yet polluted, Isabel Ney now, for the first time, discovered whither

her daring ambition and strong passions, if unrestrained, would lead her. While she trembled at this self-knowledge, and instantly atoned for her bold words with a blush of maidenly shame, yet she could not disguise from her own conscience that she experienced a secret and half-formed pleasure in the contemplation of the prospect of ambition and power which the bold idea unfolded; and she felt that although her judgment condemned what her tongue had spoken, yet in her heart she secretly approved of it.

This train of reflection passed rapidly through her mind; and instead of putting up a prayer—the resource and shelter of youth and innocence suddenly assailed by temptation—to be delivered from the evil passions of human nature, and without forming internal resolutions to guide her head and heart wisely, and curb an ambition aiming to such a fatal end as her thoughts and words had suggested, she said, with a reckless and indifferent air, as if she had recovered from the first shock her virgin delicacy had received, and was determined to abide her destiny—"If

it do come to that at last, why then 'twere no no such evil thing, provided the reward be so princely. 'Tis better to be a prince's mistress than a boor's wife, as I'm like to be, for all Percy's staff; yes, I will aim high. What matters it in the end whether I am legitimately trained with jess and perch, or fly a free falcon, so I pounce upon my game, and that the eagle?"

Her figure, which was tall and majestic for one so young, yet nevertheless exquisitely feminine, seemed to expand with the energy of her ambitious spirit, and her curved lip vibrated tremulously for a moment after she had ceased, while her strange wild beauty was enhanced by the animation of her eye and the glowing hue of her cheek. The next moment she threw herself on a sofa, and, with her natural manner, assumed with a readiness and ease which evinced the control of a no ordinary mind over passions and emotions so intense, was about to address Marie, who, in silent wonder, had beheld a burst of feeling, to the operations of which she was no stranger, for her mistress had long shown all the fire of the West Indian in her

temperament; but on this occasion it exhibited itself under phases entirely new. A footstep without the door, accompanied by the metallic ringing of spur and sword, changed her intended remark to an exclamation—"Hush! there is my father!"

A single rap, followed almost immediately by the opening of the door, preceded the entrance of major Ney. This officer's presence was commanding, and his air that of an English gentleman and soldier; his naturally florid Saxon complexion was browned by Indian suns and exposure to the hardships of the camp; his blue eye, which was of that peculiar triangular shape sometimes found in men of determined courage, expressed coolness, deliberation, and resolution; his mouth, the only feature that betrayed the relationship of father and daughter, was remarkably flexible, with a thin upper lip, which curved with an expression of *hauteur*, while it was closely pressed by the under, as if firmness predominated in his character. The change in his daughter's countenance on his entrance, showed that she held him in some degree of

awe. The mild expression of his countenance, and the paternal smile with which he greeted her as he took a seat beside her, exhibited the proud father, while the grave and dogmatic tone in which he addressed her in the more serious parts of the conversation that followed, betrayed with equal force the stern and authoritative guardian. His face was now full of certain intelligence, which aroused the curiosity of his daughter, and it was by no means decreased by the serious manner with which he ordered Marie to leave the apartment.—“Bel, my daughter,” he said, turning to her as the slave closed the door, and kissing her forehead affectionately, “you know I have always indulged you in your most wayward wishes, and since your mother’s death, have striven even to anticipate them.”

“I know it, sir,” she replied, as he paused as if expecting her to speak, “and I trust you have not found me ungrateful.”

“No, my Bel, I have not; you have always been a good girl, though a little wilful, hey!” he said, playfully patting her cheek, “and I

feel that you will yet repay me for my parental anxiety on your account."

"I trust so, father," she replied, struck by an unusual seriousness and embarrassment in his manner. "But why this anxiety, sir? Have you found any recent cause for anticipating ingratitude? I may have been wild and eccentric, and saucy it may be, but I have loved my dear father none the less. If there is anything I can do to prove more sincerely my filial gratitude, you have only to speak."

"I know it, Bel! I believe it!" he said, hastily; and then, at once overcoming his embarrassment, he took her hand, and continued, in an impressive manner, "I have often heard you say, and reprov'd you for it, that you wished Heaven had made you a man, that you might then have served your king and country—"

"But, sir," interrupted the daughter, alarmed at this ominous calling up of her sins, "it was merely in—"

"Tush, hear me, child!" continued the parent. "The opportunity you have so often de-

sired is now at hand. Your wish can be accomplished."

"My wish be accomplished!" she exclaimed, in undisguised astonishment, while her eyes danced with laughter to which she dared not give audible expression; "solve me that, if it please you, kind sir."

"Nay, I meant not, wench, that you should turn cavalier in good earnest," replied major Ney, slightly smiling, although somewhat mortified at the construction his auditor saw fit to put upon his words; "but that you can, if you will, serve his majesty's cause better than e'er a hirsute visage in the camp."

"Then Heaven save the mark! I said but now there was not a cavalier in camp fit for a lady's glance to rest upon."

"Truce with such folly! Isabel, I know the strength of your character, your sterling good sense, your tact and penetration, which, in many cases, stands one in better stead than experience. I know your devotion to your country, and feel I can place implicit confidence in you in an affair where judgment, caution, observation, resolution,

and all the art and tact of which your sex are possessed, is required in a remarkable degree; and I not only have this confidence in you, but have pledged my honour that you will be all I have said, and all a father can wish. Have I read you rightly, Isabel," he added, seriously, "and is my word worthily pledged?"

"Worthily, sir," she replied, promptly, and confidently returning the earnest pressure of his hand. "But am I, who bring such good fortune to our arms as you hint, to be led blindfolded, like dame Fortune herself?"

"No, Isabel. Only promise me that you will faithfully perform what is required, and you shall at once be enlightened."

"I promise you, sir; for I know your love for me, and, also, your family pride, will secure me against that which, as a maiden and major Ney's daughter, I should have no part in."

"Thank you, my child," he said, embracing her; "you are my own brave Bel. Now come with me to the library, where you will receive your instructions from my lord Percy."

Isabel Ney, in surprise, followed her father to the presence of the earl. The native pride and independence of her character disposed her at first to refuse to become party, if not principal, in an unknown scheme ; but, wearied of the monotonous life she led in the secluded villa, this undertaking which was proposed to her, held forth change of place and circumstances at least. Of what nature these might be she was indifferent, so that she escaped from her present state of ennui. She therefore determined, like a dutiful daughter and loyal subject, to acquiesce in her father's and lord Percy's views, and leave the event to produce for herself out of them good or evil. On their entrance the nobleman rose to receive them.

" My dear Miss Ney," he said, advancing on tiptoe as the door opened, and courteously bending till his lips gently touched the finger of the fair hand he pressed, " I am delighted to see you ! The sun did wisely," he added, paying her one of those extravagant compliments of the days of Charles the Second, and which were not yet wholly antiquated, " the sun did wisely, as you

entered, to hide his head behind the Jersey hills. It was the only way he could escape a total eclipse."

"Truly, my lord, the star of your wit sparkles brightly to shine in the presence of so dazzling a sun. I fear me your poor sun will have to follow its prototype," she rejoined, gracefully courtesying as if about to withdraw.

"You are facetious, Miss Ney!" said the earl, with imperturbable affability; "this scintillation of your wit has so dimmed my unlucky star, that, I fear me, 'twill shine no more to-night—at least in such a presence," he added, with a courtly bow.

"You do wisely, my lord, if your lamp glimmers thus faintly, to be chary of your oil."

"Nay, a truce, fair Isabel! We gentlemen, major, only get our wits hacked like a handsaw whenever we essay to sharpen them against the finer-tempered blades of the ladies. Spare me, Miss Ney! I have solicited," he added, changing his lively tone, and assuming at once a serious yet courteous air, "the honour of an interview

with you in relation to a service of importance and of great delicacy. You, doubtless, have intimated as much, major, to Miss Ney?" he said, fixing his eye inquiringly upon the face of the officer.

"I have, my lord; and she has signified her willingness to be useful to her country."

"I thought so. I envy you the possession of so lovely and patriotic a child. Now, Miss Ney, I will instruct you briefly in the nature of the enterprise to which it is my desire, and that, also, of your parent, that you should devote yourself. Do not change colour; there is to be no great personal sacrifice demanded on your part, unless it be absence from your father. From my knowledge of your character, and from your father's confidence in you, Miss Ney, I intrust this mission to you, and will now inform you of the nature and importance of the sacrifice I require. Ten days have elapsed since we have received any important advice from York Island. It is, therefore, not only my wish to obtain present information of the enemy's motions, but to have some one in the city who can, from

time to time, by letter or otherwise, report, to me the movements of the colonial army. After much reflection, I have concluded, my dear Miss Ney, to intrust you with this duty."

His lordship ceased, and gazed fixedly into the face of the maiden, as if watching the effect of his communication, while he waited her reply.

"Does your lordship mean," she asked, with playful irony, "that I shall look down upon the enemy, and watch their motions in my character as a sun? or would you be graciously pleased to lessen my conspicuity, and make me a star, and set me keeping pale watch over the heads of the rebels by night? I don't see how else I am to do you the service you hint at."

"Neither as star nor sun, my fair Isabel, though you shine as both, but as a habitant of earth. I propose that you address a letter to general Putnam, at New York, whose wife and daughter are with him, and say that you desire his protection for a time, or until you can get to your father."

"To my father! How mean you, my lord?"

"I should have been more explicit. I send

a flag of truce to-night by lieutenant-colonel Patterson; I wish you to write by him, dating your letter at Elizabethtown, where general Putnam knows you were but a short time since, while he is still ignorant that you are now here: to-morrow a reply will be received from the general, and if favourable, I will send you in a boat to meet his messenger at 'the Kills.' While in the family of the colonial general, omit no opportunity, my dear Miss Ney, of informing yourself of every thing that may be of importance for me to know, and neglect no opportunity of transmitting intelligence; I cannot give you minute instructions, you must be guided in a great measure by circumstances; but do not forget that every thing will depend on your good sense, secrecy, and observation; in these I place the most undoubting confidence."

"My lord," she replied, her eye kindling with pride, "I accept the trust you repose in me, and will faithfully do my duty as a loyal Englishwoman."

"You are a noble girl, and would honour a commission better than one half of his majesty's

officers. Prepare your letter to-night, Miss Ney; and to-morrow we will be governed as the reply of the American general Putnam shall make it necessary."

This singular interview here closed, and the earl saluting her on the cheek, courteously took leave of the lady several steps beyond the door of his apartment; for at such a length—it becomes us as a chronicler of olden times to record—did the gentlemen of that day carry their forms of politeness; but chivalry, alas! which is simply devotion to the ladies, has gradually retrograded since the last crusade, and men we fear are fast returning to the Gothic rudeness of the dark ages.

CHAP. VI.

The Bonnet bleu.

ABOUT nine o'clock on the evening following the events recorded in the last chapter, a youth, wrapped in a military cloak, and wearing the *bonnet bleu*, issued from a steep and narrow street in the eastern quarter of the city of New York, into an open square intersected by old Queen-street. He paused in the shadow of a brick dwelling on the corner, as if fatigued by ascending the hill, and as if desirous, at the same time, of withdrawing himself from the observation of the few chance passengers while he stopped to reconnoitre the space before him. It was a small triangular area on the summit of the hill, from which several streets led to different quarters of the town. It was surrounded by

dwelling of the better sort, and altogether displayed a certain air of aristocracy; the most conspicuous of these dwellings was a large quadrangular edifice three stories in height, facing the south, and occupying the whole northern side of the area, and built in that firm massive style characteristic of the architecture of that period when men did not expect the world to end with their generation; a strong battlement ran round the roof, from the summit of which, in a clear day, was an extensive prospect of the environs for many a league; the main entrance to this dwelling was hospitably capacious, and adorned with columns and carved friezes, which elaborate style was also visible in the strong window frames and cornices. A narrow lawn, garnished with a few trees, plants, and rose-bushes, was enclosed by a strong fence of complicated construction, with a gate in the centre flanked by tall pillars; each of these, at the beginning of the war, had been crowned with a symbolic piece of carved work representing Britannia; but after hostilities commenced,

they were demolished no doubt by some pious whig; the dwelling wore a cheerful aspect; lights were gleaming from many windows, and dissipating in some degree the gloom of the square, which otherwise was but dimly lighted by the faint glimmer of the stars; and occasionally a voice of merriment reached the ear of the youthful stranger, which he echoed by a low sigh as he folded his cloak closer about his person, and shrank farther back within the dark shadows of the corner. Save the occasional foot-fall of a citizen hastening to his home, the heavy tramp of a party of soldiers at the extremity of one of the diverging streets, on their way from post to post to relieve guard, and the slow tread of a solitary sentinel pacing before the gate of the dwelling we have described, there was neither sight nor sound of human being, for in that primitive era—aside from the annoyances to which peaceful citizens were subject who chanced to be abroad after nightfall in a beleaguered and garrisoned town—people were content to go to bed and get up with the sun.

After reconnoitring the square with timid

caution, the youth stepped briskly forth from his concealment, and with a bold step crossed the open space, and advanced directly towards the gate of the edifice. The sentinel stopped in his walk as he observed his approach, and challenged him. His brief stern tones seemed to startle the stranger, for he recoiled, and appeared to hesitate whether to advance or retreat; the struggle however was but for an instant, and regaining his previous confident demeanour, he approached the guard, and said, in the tone of a youth of some seventeen years, and with a slight foreign accent—"Soldier, I would speak with major Burton, if, as I think, here are the head-quarters of general Washington."

"This is head-quarters," sir, said the sentinel, in a respectful tone, "and I believe major Burton is within. Holton," he added, to a sentinel, whom the stranger had not before observed, who was standing in the door of the mansion, "say to the general that a stranger desires admittance."

"Oh, no, no, not the general," interposed

the youth, earnestly, "I wish not to see your chief, but his *aid*, major Burton."

"See then if major Burton be in, Holton."

While he was speaking the door of the mansion opened, and an officer made his appearance in full uniform, accompanied by a gentleman without his hat in a military undress, who seemed to be taking leave of him at the door.—"Then we are to have the honour of your excellency's presence at Brooklyn, at eight in the morning?" said the officer who was leaving.

"At eight, general Livingston," replied the individual addressed; "I wish to inspect your works in person as they progress. We must defend Long Island at all hazards, for if we give general Howe possession at Brooklyn, we resign him the key of New York."

The officer, who, as major Livingston, is already known to the reader, then took his leave, and hastily passing the sentinel, crossed the square, and disappeared through a close street at the left leading to the East River.

"A stranger to speak with major Burton!"

repeated the gentleman who had been addressed as his excellency, in reply to a communication from the guard at the door ; " invite him in, and inform that officer."

" Pass, sir," said the sentinel, standing aside for the youth to enter.

He hesitated, and remained standing in the same attitude, without making any reply, when the gentleman stepped forth, and approaching the gate, said, in a manly and placid voice—" If your business is with major Burton, sir, and of importance, walk in, and he shall be made acquainted with your presence here."

" Oh no, sir, 'tis of no importance ; but if I could see him, I should rather not go in." This was said in a tone of extreme embarrassment, as if the speaker was greatly agitated, while the voice, which at first was bold and boyish, became soft, and the words were tremulously uttered, like the broken notes of a glass-chord rudely swept with the fingers.

The gentleman surveyed the speaker, who shrank away from his glance, fixedly for a moment by the glare of light from one of the win-

dows; but his face, concealed by the fold of his cloak and the drooping front of his bonnet, defeated his curiosity, which was at once excited by the voice and manner of the stranger. At length, as if influenced by a sudden resolution, he approached him, and said, in a tone calculated to soothe and restore confidence, while it carried with it the weight of a command—"I fear, my young sir, that we shall be compelled to hold you under gentle arrest, as one arousing our suspicion; nay, my child," he continued, with paternal kindness, as he surveyed his agitated form, "I will send for him you wish to see; I half guess your secret already." Partly leading, partly persuading him, he drew him into the dwelling, conducted him into the library on the left side of the hall, and closing the door, led him to a sofa, upon which he immediately sank in excessive agitation.—"My child," he said, in a voice of dignified tenderness, "do not charge me with intrusive or uncalled-for curiosity, for so rudely pressing upon your privacy; but the honour of my military family is dear to me, and the individual you have called to see is a mem-

ber of it. The mystery of your conduct leads me to suspect there is something wrong, for virtue and honour neither require concealment, nor fear exposure; I have penetrated your disguise, for your voice is all too gentle to sustain you in the character you have assumed; throw aside this unsexly disguise, my child, and resume the habits of your sex, and with openness and candour give me your confidence: if you have suffered wrong, as I greatly fear, you shall be righted; but if, as I hope, good faith and honour have not been broken by those you have trusted, you will then find in me a friend and adviser."

"Oh, neither, neither, sir," said the youth, covering his features with his fingers, through which the tears trickled freely, while his whole frame heaved with emotion.

"Then allow me to remove this unworthy headdress," he said, with a voice of the deepest sympathy, at the same time gently uncovering his head, around which fell a cloud of golden tresses, shielding it like a veil. For an instant he gazed on the bright abundance of wavy hair,

and then parting it from her brow, as if he were soothing a grieved child, he removed one after another the scarce resisting fingers which strove to hide the blushing face, and gazed with admiration upon the features of a lovely female of seventeen, checkered with mingled sunshine and showers.

The officer beheld with surprise, mingled with commiseration, the face of the beautiful creature who now stood confessed in all her feminine loveliness, and became deeply interested in her fate. Affectionately holding her hand within his own, he questioned her respecting the nature of her engagements with his aid, her name, and the place of her birth; but her only replies were tears and blushes, which chased one another across her cheek like rosy clouds. The original suspicions hinted at on his first addressing her were confirmed by her silence and mysterious bearing, and with a clouded brow and stern aspect he crossed the room, rang the bell, and ordered a servant to inform major Burton that a stranger was in the library who desired an interview with him.

The appearance of the gentleman who had taken such a deep interest in the fate of the stranger, was in the highest degree dignified and commanding. He was tall of stature, and although his person was large-framed, it was symmetrical, and remarkable for the harmonious ease of its motions and its lofty carriage. His step was firm and resolute, and his air soldierly. His address was that of an accomplished gentleman, in which politeness was dictated rather by the heart than by fashion or policy. His countenance was remarkable for its power of expressing strong emotions; and majesty dwelt upon his expansive brow, as if nature had placed there her seal of greatness. His eyes were full, calm, and impressive when in repose, but when he was excited, they emitted flashes of light. The Roman strength of his nose, the bland and quiet expression of his habitually-closed mouth and resolute compression of the firm lips, the massive chin and angular cheeks, with the majestic breadth of his face, and noble expanse of forehead, presented striking combinations of features that could belong

to no common man. He appeared to be about forty-five years of age, although the powdered wig which he wore after the fashion of the period, and the lines of thought and wisdom traced on his countenance, gave him the appearance of being several years older. He was without sidearms; and his dress, which was plain, aside from its semi-military character, exhibited no insignia of rank. Yet the maiden, as she gazed on him, and made the observations we have recorded, was convinced that she was in the presence of Washington.

After sending the message to his aid, he seated himself by a table in silence, and in an attitude of deep thought, while his companion, seemingly forgotten, remained timidly gazing, as if she would there read her fate, upon his noble features, rendered still more striking by a strong beam of light from a suspended chandelier falling upon the more prominent parts, and casting the remainder into deep shadow.

At the sound of an approaching footstep without the door, he turned and said to the disguised female—"Replace your bonnet," She

obeyed mechanically, when the door was thrown open by a servant, and a young officer in full uniform, and with spurs, as if he had just been on horseback, entered the room. He gracefully approached his commanding-officer, mingling in his manner the usual forms due to the military rank of the individual he addressed, with the gentlemanly ease of an equal in society. The commander-in-chief rose and received him with that dignified courtesy which never deserted him, while the severe expression of his eye promised no pleasing termination to an interview so inauspiciously begun.

"Major Burton," he said, in a grave tone and with some sternness, "you doubtless will admit that the honour of my military family is infinitely dear to me?"

"It should be so, your excellency," replied the young officer, fixing his eyes upon him in surprise at his words, and then casting them to the opposite side of the room, his attention being drawn thither by the unaccountable emotion of a third person, whom he now for the first time discovered.

“ And you are prepared to acknowledge that I must feel a deep interest in the honour of all the officers under my command, and will not deny my right to inquire into the moral as well as military character of the few who compose my staff, and reside with me beneath the same roof ?”

“ I am not prepared, your excellency, either to deny or admit the right you would claim,” replied the officer, with some pertinacity ; “ but if you will honour me so far as to state any particular instance which calls for the application of this system of morals to your staff, or any under your command, I shall then be better able to give you my opinion.”

“ I will do so, and explicitly, major Burton,” said the chief, with emotions of mingled displeasure and reproof ; “ I am not ignorant, sir, of your vanity, from causes which would tinge the cheek of an honourable man with shame, nor of the testimonials you have displayed to your brother officers, in my presence, of the weakness of the sex which, by every tie as a man and as a gentleman, you are bound to protect, but which

it is your boast to degrade. This morning, sir — nay, your hand need not seek your weapon ! Hear me ! In that very hall I overheard you shamefully boast to a group of officers of an instance of successful passion, wherein you had grossly violated the solemn bonds of friendship. It would appear, sir, that, like the Indian who preserves the scalps of his foes, you delight to cherish trophies of your victories, where defeat would be honour, though it could not lessen your infamy."

" You presume, general Washington," replied the young officer, trembling with passion, " upon your rank to insult me. From this moment I resign my commission, and then you shall meet me where your rank shall not protect your tongue. But I beg leave to ask your excellency," he added, in a tone of inconceivable sarcasm, " from which of your trusty spies you have heard of some recent, and, as it appears, aggravated *laison*, that you call me to so severe an account ?"

" Approach that trembling child, who has sought you out even in the head-quarters of

your commanding officer, which at least should be sacred from the atmosphere of licentiousness, and let your own conscience, sir, answer the question."

The young aid-de-camp approached the disguised female, who had listened with fearful excitement to this accusation. She threw aside her disguise, and with a bound and a wild cry of joy, sprang into his arms.—"Eugenie!" he cried, pressing her to his heart, the angry cloud on his brow giving place to an expression of pleasure; "what grateful gale has wafted you hither?"

The maiden clung to the neck upon which she had flung herself, but spoke not. He raised her, and found that she had fainted. The general, moved by the scene, pulled the bell, and ordered two of the maids to be sent to him, when, by his direction, the insensible girl was removed to the apartments of his lady, and the two gentlemen were left alone. For some time they remained silent, differently affected by the events that had occurred, when the elder officer, in a voice of stern displeasure, said—"Major

Burton, here is another trophy of your victories. If your heart was steeled against so much innocence and beauty, her affection, at least, should have pleaded eloquently in her behalf. Thus to blast the fairest piece of God's workmanship, to desecrate so fair a temple, is worthy the genius only of a demon. Leave me, sir! from this hour we are strangers."

"Ay, and mortal foes!" replied Burton, striking his sword till it rang again; and, with a flashing eye and a haughty step, he left the apartment.

With a single word he might have cleared his own honour from the dark stain which, in the opinion of his superior officer, tarnished it; but resentment at being so boldly charged with crimes which, though not amenable to the laws, were unworthy of a gentleman and a man of honour, deterred him from offering any defence or explanation. This silence, however, could be traced to another cause, peculiar to the seducer of female innocence: the secret pleasure he experienced in being thought the beloved possessor of so much confiding loveliness, even

when the opinion was coupled with dishonour to himself. It was a kind of gratification too exquisitely enjoyed by him to be willingly resigned; and, therefore, rather than renounce a triumph so nearly allied to his vanity, he willingly permitted his own reputation to suffer, on the present occasion, at least, innocently, and the fair fame of the lovely girl, who had abandoned for him all but honour, to be blighted, if not for ever blasted.

Hastily passing through the hall, he ordered his horse, and, mounting at the gate, turned a corner to the right and spurred up Queen-street into Broad-way; then, again turning to the left, he dismounted before a large brick mansion, imbowered in trees, and wearing an antiquated air of respectability. It stood a little back from the street, with which it was connected by an avenue of trees. A negro servant was holding two or three horses at the gate; throwing his bridle to him, he inquired if president Hancock had yet left town on his return to Congress. On receiving a reply that he would not leave till morning, he hastily

ascended the stone steps to the door, and was admitted into a lighted hall.

"Give this card," he said to a footman, "and say the bearer desires to see president Hancock in private."

The servant entered a room to the left, from which, as the door opened, several voices were heard in lively conversation, and in a few moments a gentleman came forth, richly dressed, and with his hair highly powdered, which he covered by a cocked hat as he came out into the hall, as if to protect his head against the evening air.

"Ha, major Burton, my young soldier, how do you do?" he exclaimed, in a hearty cordial tone and manner; "'tis some time since I have seen you. Upon my soul, I can almost believe it is my old friend, your father, I am speaking to; you are his genuine scion. But come in, come in; there's Sullivan, Putnam, and a host of 'goodlie companie.'"

"No, sir," replied the young officer, returning his warm salutation, "I beg leave to decline your invitation. I have called on you, as an old

friend of my father, to ask your advice before taking an important step." Offering his arm, he then led him forth into the avenue, and stopped beneath a tree which overshadowed it.

" You shall receive all the benefit my advice can bestow. But why this secrecy, this clouded brow, this solemn air ?"

" I have been grossly insulted this evening by the commander-in-chief, and knowing that you arrived this morning from Philadelphia, I have hastened hither to consult with you, as my father's friend and the president of Congress, respecting my withdrawal from the service."

" Leave the service, my young sir, for a hasty word or so ? That will never do, major Burton; your services are too valuable to be lightly dispensed with."

" But, your excellency, I cannot longer remain in the family of general Washington ; and his language to me has been so personal, that I wish to meet him on ground, where grades of rank shall offer no obstacle to an honourable satisfaction."

" That is to say, major Burton," observed

the governor, gravely shaking his head, "that you wish to meet the commander-in-chief in single combat."

"That is my wish, your excellency," he replied, decidedly. "If the high rank of an officer does not restrain him from inflicting injury, it ought not to protect him from the resentment of the wronged."

"True, my dear major Burton; but it will never do for you to send a challenge to your superior officer; he will, in the first place, pay no regard to it, and it will do you infinite harm. I will not inquire into the nature of the injury you have received, but I think there must have been a mutual misunderstanding: general Washington, you are aware, has a good deal of the lion's irritability as well as his courage, and your own blood is not over cool."

"Does your excellency mean to say the commander-in-chief, like the king, can do no wrong?"

"Not so, my gentle Hotspur, but that you had best pass it by; but do not think of retiring

from a profession you are so well calculated to adorn, and wreck your future hopes in life for the hasty words of your superior officer."

"I regret, your excellency," said Burton, with energy, "that I cannot comply with your advice: I will not return to the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief."

"But, my dear Burton, you should subdue this sensitive and fiery spirit which kindles so readily; 'twill one day bring evil upon your head, and blood upon your hand; but I beg your pardon—I meant neither to advise nor reprove. As your prejudice is only against an individual, and not the service, I think I have a plan to retain you still. How would you like the staff of general Putnam? If the appointment would please you, I will speak to Putnam this moment, and you can at once remove to his quarters."

The young soldier hesitated a moment, and then said—"Willingly, your excellency."

"Then excuse my absence, and I will inform him of your wishes."

He entered the house, and soon returned, ac-

accompanied by a gentleman in the uniform of an officer of high rank.

"My dear Burton," said the president, "I have preferred bringing Putnam to you, as the thing is better settled in a quiet way here than before a room full. I have told him that you are dissatisfied with your present station in the commander-in-chief's military family, and that you would like a similar appointment in his own."

"Major Burton," said the officer, in a frank and manly way, in which good nature predominated, "I feel honoured by your choice, and cheerfully comply with your own and the president's wish. I shall be happy to have you breakfast with the ladies and myself in the morning. I shall," he laughingly added, "have a brace of protégées, but of different metal, in one day. The daughter of a major Ney, now with Percy on Staten Island, sent me a letter this morning, dated Elizabethtown, saying she was anxious to reach her father, and desiring my assistance and protection until she could do so. So I have sent for her, and she has, no doubt, arrived by this time. I am told she's a

beauty, and a little devil in her way. So major Burton, I give you fair warning."

Here major Burton took a cordial leave of the two gentlemen, who re-entered the house to rejoin the party they had left, while with rapid steps he traversed the avenue, mounted his horse, galloped to the quarters he had left, and precipitately sought his room. Securing the door, he cast himself upon his bed in a fever of excitement caused by the events of the evening. His brain whirled, and his thoughts, like the rapid changes of a kaleidoscope, took a thousand shapes and retained none. At length he became calmer, and was enabled to reflect deliberately on the incidents of the night. His resentment at the dictatorial position assumed by his commanding officer finally gave place to his wonder at the mysterious appearance of Eugénie; and, as he recalled the scene, he could hardly convince himself that it was not all a dream.

When he last beheld her, she was leaning from the prison window of the chateau, waving her fair hand till it was no longer visible. Amid the stirring scenes through which he had

since passed, her image had gradually faded from his heart, or had been replaced by others, to hold there an equally ephemeral existence. Not more than seven months had expired, and yet Eugenie was forgotten, or only remembered with that kind of feeling with which some men look back upon an opportunity when they might have gained an unlawful advantage which, from some compunctious visitings, they permitted to pass unimproved, and now regret. That he sincerely loved Eugenie at that time does not admit of question. It was, perhaps, to the depth and sincerity of his love—conquering and excluding passion, which, in a case where the heart was less engaged, would have reigned paramount, to which alone the guileless novice owed her preservation from the imminent danger to which her attachment then exposed her.

The commonly-repeated adage, that man can love but once and love truly, will only be true when Cupid bears but one shaft in his quiver. The youthful heart has not been inappropriately compared to soft wax, on which impressions are easily made and as easily effaced.

The daily experience of life shows us that men and women too, can love many times, and love well and heartily. There is not a schoolboy but has loved in turn every pretty schoolmate who would deign to look kindly upon him with her laughing eyes ; and there are few instances where a man marries the maiden who stole his heart in his teens. There is no passion to which the youthful heart is so susceptible, and which it so readily receives, and none so evanescent when the object is removed, as love. This is not so true of the female as of the male sex. Love in the heart of woman, may be likened to that mysterious principle in the vine, causing it to stretch forth and curve its tendrils, and which gives it a tendency to cling around the neighbouring trunks and limbs for support, at the same time relieving them by its graceful beauty. 'Tis thus, woman, guided by love, clings to man. He, like the unbending oak, towers proudly in his own strength, and needs not this principle of support.

For a few days the lover had cherished the image of Eugenie with religious devotion ; but

gradually it faded away, or was obliterated by a fresh impression. It was not so, however, with the lovely novice. Love, once admitted into her heart, she gave herself up to that delightful abandonment of the senses it produces. Her thoughts became intoxicated with delight, while her soul seemed to be suddenly endowed with new being; and she experienced the most ecstatic enjoyment in the contemplation of one, the knowledge of whom had unfolded to her a new element of happiness. Day after day she feasted on the luxurious banquet love had spread before her senses, till her passion, resembling fire in its purity and strength, partook also of its intensity, gradually began to consume the rose in her cheek, and dim the liquid brilliancy of her eye.

At length governor Carleton, who continued to extend a parental regard towards her, in order to restore her health and spirits, permitted her to visit Saratoga, even at that early period celebrated for its springs, in company with a Canadian family, which had obtained the neces-

sary passports, and were going to try the effect of the waters. Eugenie embraced this proposal, for it would bring her nearer her lover, from whom she had not even heard since his escape; so ungrateful are ardent lovers when they once forget the object of their passion.

After a few weeks spent at the springs, the Canadian party proceeded to New York, previous to their embarkation for Charleston, where they intended to spend the winter. They had arrived in a Hudson-river packet, on the morning of the day we have again introduced Eugenie to the reader. The impatient maiden, on making inquiries at the rooms her friends had taken in Broadway, and learning that her recreant lover was in the city, and had been for some weeks an aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, waited impatiently until nightfall, and then, with more of romantic passion and womanly devotion than perhaps maidens countenance at the present day, sallied forth in disguise to seek him. Although a stranger in the town, this was no very difficult enterprise, as New York at that period was not so large as Providence in Rhode Island

at the present day ; and the head quarters of the commander-in-chief were too conspicuous not to be readily found, even in a place of much greater extent and by a less anxious seeker.

CHAP. VII.

The Victim.

MAJOR Burton revolved in his mind the events of the evening, and his resentment against his commanding officer gradually gave place to reflections upon the sudden appearance of Eugenie. His vanity whispered that she had sought him from the intensity of her love ; and flattered by this testimonial of her continued attachment, his feelings towards her once more rushed back into their former channel ; but like a stream that for a time has been obstructed, and then suddenly breaks away, they carried along

with them a mass of impurity which they had in the meanwhile accumulated. We have observed that his later reminiscences of Eugenie were tinged with a regret that he should have permitted a prize so lovely to escape his possession; and now, although her image was revived in its original strength, he contemplated it, not with the chastened and sacred feelings which alone the dignity of her vestal purity challenged, but with the impassioned and voluptuous imagination of the sensualist.

The person of major Burton at this time was manly and handsome. Some months had elapsed since his campaign in Canada; and the boyish, and almost feminine beauty which then characterized his features had become changed by exposure in the camp, and by the dignified and manly duties of the soldier always in the field. His form was symmetrical and elegant, his attitude erect, and his bearing strikingly military. His slight stature was atoned for by a lofty carriage, and an air of courtly ease, which marked the polished gentleman and haughty soldier. His face and features were now more severely

cast, and his complexion had become browned by exposure till it had assumed the dark olive of Italy.

The most remarkable feature he possessed was his black eye; it was of the most piercing brilliancy, the burning glance of which few men could steadily encounter. In the presence of beautiful females his address was winning, his deportment graceful, his air self-possessed, and, in conversation, his voice and manner inconceivably fascinating. With a proud contempt for woman, his transcendant genius, his towering talents, his powers of mind and conversation, were cultivated and brought into play only to make himself pleasing to them; but it was the lion crouching to the earth, that he may concentrate all his strength for a final and fatal spring upon his prey. Few women whom he singled out for his victims listened to the fascinating eloquence of his lips, and met, tremblingly but pleased, the gaze of eyes which, with the softness of the gazelle's, possessed the fearful power of the basilisk's, without falling, like the charmed bird, into the folds of the destroyer.

When, therefore, under the influence of a new and grosser passion, Burton had resolved to desecrate the altar that had before known his devotion, and began to contemplate with pleasure the fall of a temple, the beauty of which had formerly fixed his admiration, his fertile brain immediately conceived a plan for accomplishing his object.

Ignorant of the female heart, though he had made it his study, but, unhappily, deriving his knowledge of it from false and corrupt sources, he believed that the shower of gold would yet find a Danæ; that a Leda would still protect the fugitive swan, and that Amphitryon in disguise would still find his cousin Alcmene in many a hall and bower. The possibility of defeat he did not anticipate; he imagined, indeed, that Eugenie had only to be wooed to be won. Her lively spirits he interpreted wantonness; her warm and devoted love, passion.

Rising from the couch on which, half an hour before, he had flung himself, booted and spurred as he entered from his ride, he crossed the chamber, and, opening a door that led into an inner

bedroom, called to some one within; then, enveloping himself in his cloak and foraging-cap, hanging near, he waited, as if expecting some one to come from the adjoining room. After the delay of a few seconds, a youth, in a half-military, half-menial livery, which might indicate him to be either a private or a footman, or both, made his appearance. On seeing his master in his cap and cloak, he, without speaking, and, as if acquainted with his habits, went back, and shortly returned, equally disguised, and in readiness to attend him.

Placing a finger on his lips, and beckoning him to follow, Burton led the way silently and cautiously to the hall, removing his cloak and showing his face as he passed by the sentinels. Entering Queen, now Pearl-street, he traversed it at a rapid and steady pace, his attendant walking just so far behind that he could converse with him in his ordinary tones, or give him his orders without turning his head. The night was still and clear, the air was mild, and the countless host of stars, with a single planet hanging like a lamp in their midst, kept their

silent watch over the earth. It was within an hour of midnight, and, save guards at the corners of the squares, whose stern challenges and brief replies broke strangely on the stillness of the night, and the two whose echoing footsteps we are following in their devious way, there was no living being abroad, and it demanded a strong effort of the imagination for these to realize that an army reposed around them. On gaining the Broadway, now one of the most magnificent avenues in the world, but then, except for a half or three quarters of a mile up from the Battery, a spacious road, bordered with fields, or adorned with pleasant country seats, or humbler farm-houses, they turned to the north. In this direction they walked rapidly onward, now passing under lofty elms which shaded a substantial building set back from the road, now traversing a gravelled sidewalk, nearly overgrown with grass, now crossing a pool of water on a bridge of planks, and now stooping to avoid the branches of fruit trees that overhung the fences, and at noonday shaded the footpath beneath. They at length came to the head of a narrow

lane, which turned to the left towards the Hudson, bordered by hedges, clumps of fruit and forest trees ; crossing the road, they entered it, and, after a walk of some minutes stopped beneath a huge elm that flung abroad its branches across the lane, and shaded a neat white cottage, half hidden in shrubbery, fronting the river, which glided past within a short distance, the ripple of its waters mingling with the sighing of the wind through the branches of the trees.

Here Burton spoke for the first time, save to reply to the challenges of sentinels, since he left his room. " I have brought you with me, Zacharie, so that you may know the place, should I wish to send you here."

" Ay, more love messages, I'll warrant me : I am puzzled to tell if thou art better soldier or better lover. By the cross, between the two I shall be well taught!" replied Zacharie, who was just as saucy, just as short, fat, and freckled, and altogether as unchanged as if but seven hours, and not seven months, had passed over his shaggy head since we took leave of him in Quebec. His relative condition was, however,

altered ; and, from a roving, independent lad, who had no particular service so that he was on the side of mischief, he was transformed into a faithful and confidential attendant of his former patron, serving him as his valet in peace, a sort of orderly-serjeant in war, and, finally, as a most efficient Mercury in love.

“ Remain here,” continued his master ; “ keep your eye on those two frigates below ; and if anything moves, either on the land or water, inform me.”

“ That will I,” replied the young Mercury, throwing back the vizor of his *petasus*, and drawing his *herpe*, while his other hand rested on the butt of a pistol concealed in his breast ; “ and if I see a Johnny redcoat skulking along the beach, I’ll pink him with my dudgeon, and swear roundly after that I took him for a lobster.”

Burton opened a wicket and entered a narrow walk strewn with fine gravel, and neatly bordered by flower-beds, which approached the cottage by circuitous and artificial windings. He traversed it with a firm yet noiseless step, and advanced through its embowered labyrinths close

to the foot of the portico. The dwelling consisted of two circular wings, and a light portico projecting from the main body, supported by four slender columns. A short flight of steps descended from it into the parterre, or garden. There was an air of rural elegance and seclusion that was gratifying both to the eye and the imagination. Casting a brief and familiar glance around him, for the clear lustre of the stars made every object visible to his eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, he ascended the steps, and gave a peculiar knock, which he thrice repeated. After a few moments delay the door was softly opened, and with a slight exclamation of pleasure, the white arms of a female encircled him. —“How could you stay away so long, my dear Burton?” said a sweet voice, as the door closed. “Ten thousand fears have alarmed me for your safety in these hourly dangers. My head has nightly sought a sleepless pillow! Alas! how is it that you are the constant subject of my hopes and fears? But now that you have come again,” she added, embracing him affectionately, while he coldly and indifferently returned it, “I

am relieved and very happy; and if you will only fix your eyes tenderly on your dear Caroline, and say you still love her, my troubled spirit will be soothed, for nothing but your loved presence, and the sound of your voice, can tranquillize me."

As she spoke they entered the room, from the windows of which the light had streamed upon the foliage without. It was a small parlour, furnished simply but richly, with the additional and, at that period, unusual luxury of an ottoman, covered with crimson velvet. The curtains were of crimson damask, relieved by a veil of muslin, with a deep embroidered border half drawn over them; a marble table stood near one of the windows, which was thrown up, though guarded by Venetian blinds, and a pleasant air cooled the room, for the night was warm, and but for the light wind which came off the water, would have been close and sultry. A single shade-lamp burned on this table, and beneath it lay open, as if just deserted, a small volume, which Burton, carelessly casting his eyes upon the title, as he passed the table to seat

himself by the window, observed was a French translation of a new German story called "The Sorrows of Werter."

Caroline, who had continued to cling around his neck, sat by his side and looked up into his face with a sad fond gaze, parting his hair from his brow like a child who has displeased a beloved parent, and seeks by endearments to draw his attention and win a smile of affection.

He received these marks of tenderness with a moody brow, and an occasional motion of impatience on his features, while his eyes wandered irresolutely from her own soft glance, and he frequently bit his lip, as if disturbed by some emotion to which he wished, but could not command the resolution, to give utterance.—"My dear Burton, why this cold silence and stern brow? Have I given sorrow to one whose happiness I would die to promote? Tell me, dearest, if your love is undiminished," she added, while the tears gushed to her eyes, "and Caroline shall no more weary you with her presence."

"Caroline," he said, abruptly, "you are a fond and foolish girl. You well know," he added,

in a softened manner, tenderly taking her hand, "that I love you, and would sacrifice my happiness to promote your own."

"Oh! I know it, Burton; God knows I never doubted it! Alas! if I had, I could not have lived. But forgive me, dear Edward; you have, of late, come to see me less often than you were wont, and your stay is short, and your brow is gloomy, and you look as if you thought I loved you not. Oh! I dare not tell my own heart how much I love you."

"You are my own sweet Caroline," he said, gazing on her childlike tearful face with a playful smile, and kissing her brow; but his eye was arrested by the unusual paleness of her face, where suffering and anxiety dwelt in fearful contrast with its delicate beauty. His colour rose, and a painful sensation seemed to shoot across his brow, for, with an indistinct exclamation, he suddenly pressed his temples with his hand and turned from her.

The appearance of this young creature was strikingly interesting. She was in a white evening robe, open before, and gathered at the waist

by a silken sash drawn tightly round her form, displaying a figure of sylph-like grace. Her person was very slight, and of small but exquisitely symmetrical proportions. Her brown hair was parted evenly on her forehead, and gathered beneath a muslin cap, which, bordered by a narrow ruffle, met beneath her chin. Her face, relieved by the ruff, appeared perfectly oval, and, perhaps, additionally lovely. Her features were small and delicate, and her eyes of a mild blue; but her present loveliness only exhibited the traces of her former beauty. Her eyes were unnaturally large and sunken; her face, save a hectic spot on either cheek, was transparently pale, and her beautiful lips were of a strangely brilliant red. Her diminutive hands were thin and attenuated, and the blue veins appeared through the transparent skin as if delicately traced with the pencil's nice touch. She seemed in the last stage of illness, like one on whose damask cheek grief and wrong, like the worm in the bud, had preyed until life fluttered on the threshold of death.

"My dearest Caroline," he said, again turn-

ing towards her, but without resolution to lift his eyes to this wreck of loveliness, "you did not tell me," and his voice was touchingly sweet and affecting, "that you were ill, at least that you were worse; why did you not send to me? My duties have been so multiplied of late, that I could not call and see you so frequently as my heart would have bid me. Good God!" he added, raising his eyes to her face, and struck with the change; "have three short weeks made such havoc? Tell me, my dear Carol. are you *very* ill?" he inquired, folding her slight form in his arms, while the silent tears, which freely flowed on hearing words of kindness from beloved lips that had so long forgotten to utter them, dropped from her eyes upon his cheek as he pressed her face to his own.

"Ill!" she said, smiling while reclining on his shoulder; "ill! and Burton holding me thus to his heart, and his words so very kind! Oh no, no! speak to me always as you did but now; love me as you now love me, and I shall never know either illness or a heavy heart more!

Bless you, dear Edward; I feel that you are my own again."

He gazed upon her an instant, deeply affected by her language; then, kissing the tears from her cheeks, while his eyes, wearing the troubled expression of a heart ill at ease, still lingered with solicitude over her fading features, he said, tenderly—"You must take better care of yourself, my frail flower; even this gentle wind," he added, dropping the curtain before the open window, "visits you all too roughly. If you love me, Carol. take good care of your health;" then, with a smile, tapping her forehead with his finger, he playfully added, "perhaps, if you try and get well, I may comply with the wish which you so foolishly keep, as you say, close to your heart."

"Will you, oh, will you, dearest Burton?" she exclaimed, with a glad cry and inconceivable energy, drawing back from his arms, clasping her hands together, and looking fixedly and earnestly in his face with a countenance of intense delight, so artless, so child-like, as to be

unspeakably affecting. "Oh, say that once more, and God will bless you!" As she continued to gaze upon him, her eyes grew wild, and sparkled with unearthly brilliancy, her lips firmly pressed together, and then with a piercing shriek, she fell in convulsions upon the floor.

Alarmed by the energy of her attitude and language, and encountering the wild gaze of her eyes, he was about to take her hand and reply as she would have him, when, overcome by an excess of joy, her full heart strained the delicate casket containing it beyond its strength. He now raised her from the floor, placed her on the ottoman, and with words of kindness, promises, and entreaties, kneeled over her until the paroxysms gave way to a flood of tears, which at once relieved her bursting heart, to which hope and joy, long banished thence, had returned all too rudely.—"My sweet Caroline, calm your emotion," he said, mildly, after she had recovered some degree of composure, and leaned her head trustingly on his arm, "your delicate frame can ill bear a repetition of such excitement; you should not permit your imagi-

nation to invest with such importance a mere ceremony which can render you no happier, and will make me love you no better than I now do. You know how obstinate I am," he continued, with a smile, as if pleasant looks could take the sting from bitter words; "I believe if I were compelled to protect, I should no longer love you. The married world would live all the happier did they not love by compulsion. I have hitherto forbidden you to speak to me on this subject, because I saw it affected your spirits, and made you unhappy. Must you, dearest Caroline," he added, sportively, "tie my poor body to you by a rope of priestly words?"

Caroline, who had looked into his face and dwelt on every word as it fell from his lips, as if her existence depended upon it, turned her eyes mildly, imploringly, and yet resignedly, to seek his own, and said, faintly and solemnly—"Edward, I cannot feel as you would have me. I have sinned, deeply sinned; nay, dearest Edward, do not frown so darkly; I alone am guilty, and shall soon be summoned to a fearful, fearful account."

"No, no, my sweet pet," he said, assuming a cheerfulness which he was far from feeling, for her few and simple words had sunk deep into his soul; "you are nervous to night, and broken rest has filled your little head with a thousand vagaries. Let me place this cushion for you, and I will read you asleep from this German story of Werter."

At the mention of this name she started up, and cried—"Oh no, oh no, not that! I have been reading it till my blood boiled, and my heart was rent with suffering. Horrible," she continued, pressing her hand over her eyes, "horrible is the punishment of the guilty who sin as we have sinned!"

With a hasty exclamation of impatience, Burton threw the book down upon the table, and withdrawing his arm from beneath her head, arose and walked the room for some time in silence, his face overcast with the gloomy shadows of his dark and uneasy meditations. The distressed Caroline hid her face and wept.

The dying request of captain Germaine to major Burton, when he fell before the walls of

Quebec, alas ! was too faithfully complied with. After delivering his message, he became a frequent visiter at the cottage, and in a few short weeks Caroline became his victim. Her mother, weighed down with grief at her husband's loss, did not survive to learn what would have wounded deeper than death ; and the little cottage, adorned by the wealth and taste of Burton, became the abode of the unhappy Caroline. It would be useless to go back and narrate the growth of their passion after their first meeting ; the fascinating attentions of the one, the artless and confiding devotion of the other. Alas ! it would only add another to the countless histories of man's ingratitude and woman's crushed affections ; of art pitted against artlessness ; of guilt against innocence, and of deformity plotting to mar the fair proportions of beauty.

A crisis had now arrived when reflection was to take the place of passion. The long-deferred hopes with which, from time to time, he amused her, when she pressed him upon a subject which now, all too late, began to agitate her bosom, at length made her heart sick. Her entreaties ul-

timately became so importunate, although urged with mildness and submission, that they drew from him, in a moment of passion, a fearful menace, which silenced and appalled her. But the hopes and wishes to which she could not give utterance, fed upon her heart; she was rapidly wasting from life, the victim of broken vows and foul wrong, betrayed by those very weaknesses which should have proved her highest and holiest claims to protection.—“ Caroline,” he at length said, stepping and resuming his place by her side, with gentle violence removing her hands from her face, and speaking in a conciliating tone, “ I did not think you had this foolish whim so much at heart. ’Tis but a word and a grace after all; and if it will make you happier, and bring back the bloom to your cheek, and the merry laugh to your lips, as in times gone by, why, then, I will grant your desire. Now hush! still that little heart, which flutters beneath your robe as if it would burst its prison! Be calm, and let not so light a cause move you. You shall certainly be my wedded wife, if there

can be found priest to say 'amen' to it! So now be happy, my trembling bird."

When he began to speak she looked eagerly up into his face, seized his hand, and gasped for breath; when he ceased, a smile dwelt upon her mouth, and she said, softly, closing her eyes and folding her hands peacefully over her breast, "I am so happy, so very happy, Edward!"

He gazed upon the lovely creature, as she reclined like breathing marble before him, and his features convulsively worked, as if agitated by some intense emotion, while pity and remorse dwelt by turns upon them.

"You will not deceive me, Edward!" she said, lifting her eyes and gazing into his own, in the manner of one expressing confidence rather than seeking assurance, while a peaceful smile played about her lips.

"Deceive you, Caroline! Have I ever deceived you?" The rich colour mantled her cheek and brow, the smile faded mournfully away, and closing her eyes, she made no reply.

"My dear Caroline," he said, after a moment's embarrassing silence, "you are too much alone

here, with only your two slaves; and, now that your health is so delicate, you will need cheerful society. I have thought of a companion who will please you. She is a young Canadian, who escaped from a convent somewhere in the neighbourhood of Quebec, and is now at general Washington's. I will invite her to remain with you until you are better."

"Edward?" she said, impressively, looking into his face with a steady and inquiring gaze, which seemed to read his inmost thoughts.

"Caroline," he solemnly answered, interpreting her looks, "so help me Heaven, no!" appealing, as he spoke, both with eyes and hands for the truth of his words.

"Then send her to me, for I am indeed lonely when you are away. Why cannot we be together, as when first you loved me? Then evening after evening you were ever by my side, and thought the stars numbered hours for minutes, so sweetly and swiftly they glided by. Those were happy days, alas! too, too happy! Nay, Edward, you will not leave me?"

"I must, Caroline. 'Tis past midnight, and I have duties far from hence ere the morning, which, as a soldier, I may not neglect. I will summon your servants, and leave you to repose."

"To-morrow, then," she said, impressively, as she returned his embrace.

"To-morrow, Caroline!" he repeated, evasively: closing the door as he spoke, he left the cottage.

Caroline listened to his departing footsteps till they were no longer heard; then falling upon her knees, with a face the expression of which was humbled by sorrow and penitence, she prayed calmly yet earnestly for forgiveness and guidance. But in every petition Edward's name was breathed, and oftentimes, forgetful of herself, she pleaded only for one who was the author of her shame and sorrow, and whom she was ready to shield from the consequences of his errors by the interposition of her own person.

CHAP. VIII.

The Ride.

WHEN Eugenie was borne by the two female slaves from the library of general Washington, she was conveyed into the family sitting-room. Mrs. Washington, with an exclamation of surprise at so singular an intrusion, received, with mingled wonder and sympathy, her lifeless form into her arms, and, aided by her astonished maids, soon restored her to animation. On opening her eyes, and beholding strangers gazing upon her, she faintly closed them again, and with a slight shudder, whispered the name of Burton.

Struck with her youth and remarkable beauty, Mrs. Washington affectionately strove to soothe her. The tender and maternal tones of her voice at length inspired the invalid with confidence ;

and, raising her eyes gratefully to her face, she smiled and warmly pressed her hand in silence. Although anxious to receive an explanation of so extraordinary an incident, the lady, with instinctive delicacy, forbore questioning the servants, who, however, were equally ignorant, or to seek a solution of the mystery from the lips of the lovely stranger herself. Nevertheless, her eyes turned frequently and expectantly towards the door, as if she looked for the entrance of her husband, and, consequently, the gratification of her curiosity.

When the door closed on major Burton, who, with a flashing eye and angry brow, had departed so abruptly, general Washington entered the sitting-room, every trace of the scene in which he had borne a part having disappeared from his majestic brow. With his face softened by benevolence and compassion, he approached the sofa on which Eugenie reclined, passive and with her nerves unstrung, on the sustaining arm of his lady, who sat beside her with maternal solicitude beaming in her matronly and beautiful countenance.—“ My dear general,” she said, as her

husband approached, " what lovely vision is this? Do make me wise, for I have most perseveringly conquered my woman's nature, though I had not much longer claimed the victory had you not appeared as you did. Who is this gentle creature?"

Sending the servants away, he in a few words informed her of the events which had transpired. After much kind entreaty, they at length learned from the lips of Eugenie herself the whole of her ingenuous tale—from the orphan state in which her infancy was exposed, to her seclusion in the convent, and romantic escape, with the story of her love, and ultimately, her arrival in New York.

The naïve and artless manner with which, while seated beside them, she told her tale, carried with it conviction of its truth to their minds and hearts.

" I have then done major Burton injustice by my suspicions," replied the general; " I will seek an interview and atone for it. He should have told me this."

"And would you have believed him?" inquired Mrs. Washington.

"Most certainly. However faithless Burton may be with the sex you so eminently adorn, Mary, in his intercourse with men I believe him the soul of honour."

"What a singular structure of society," said Mrs. Washington, musingly; "that honour, like a medallion, should have a reversed face for our poor sex! But, my dear George, what shall be done with our sweet nun?" she added, smiling, and playfully kissing the embarrassed Eugenie, who, after concluding her tale, with her face trustingly hidden in the mantle of her kind friend, and with a throbbing heart and bewildered senses at the strange situation in which she was placed, sat silently awaiting her destiny, without the power either to think or act for herself.

"Give the one to whom she is so devoted the right to protect her."

"What, Burton! Never, George!"

"And why not, my Mary? It is an affair of the heart; though Burton may not be worthy of



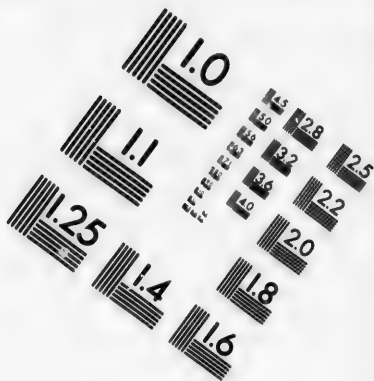
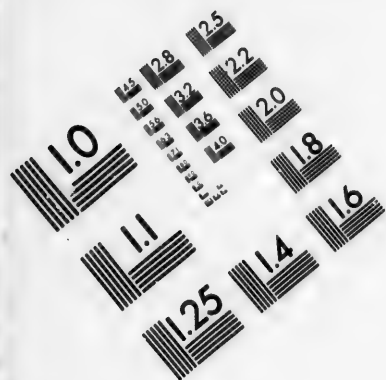
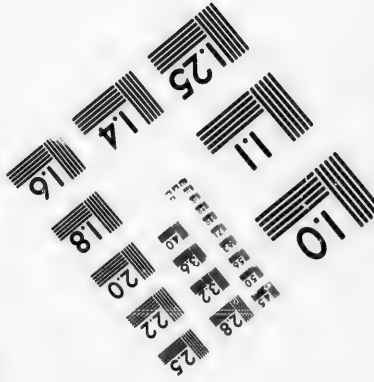
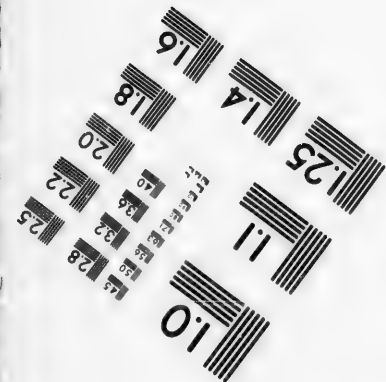
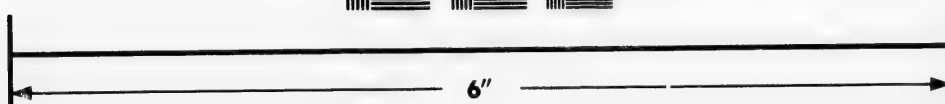
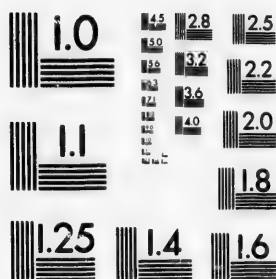


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so fair a gem, 'twill be the only way to secure her happiness; for you know your devoted sex will love, even if they love unworthily. And it may be the means of saving my young aid-de-camp from wrecking his bark in the very harbour of life. There is nothing like matrimony to cool youthful blood."

"Upon my word, general, you are in a very complimentary mood to-night. My dear Eugenie, you see what these husbands think of us. The general would use you, as they say they do the tame elephants in the East, and make you a trap to catch this wild Burton, and sober him down. Now what do you answer, my sweet nun?"

"My dear kind madam, I have no will of my own: I have been imprudent, and will cast myself wholly upon your goodness. But oh, bid me not forget him!" she added, with timid earnestness.

"That he loves you not, dearest Eugenie, is evident, not only from his silence, but from his habits since his return from Quebec. Try and forget him, my love; but if you cannot, I will

see that you are made happy your own way."

After a long and interesting conference, it was decided that Eugenie should be removed on the succeeding afternoon to a friend's villa, about a league from the town, on the shore of Kip's Bay, a small inlet of York Island, formed by the encroachment of the East River, there to remain until the Canadian party should be ready to set sail for Charleston, when, provided that in the interim major Burton made no honourable overtures, it was decided she should leave the city with them, and think of him no more. All this Eugenie assented to; and although she promised to forget Burton, if he proved unworthy of her, she nevertheless felt she should remember him so long as she lived. It was further decided that her Canadian friends the same night should be informed of the intentions of their *protégée*, for whom they felt no kindred interest.

By daybreak the ensuing morning Burton was on horseback. Giving at the gate strict charge to Zacharie to remain, and inform him, on his return, of whatever might transpire during his absence, he rode off, and visited several of the

military posts in the execution of the last orders to be delivered to him as aid-de-camp of general Washington, and then galloped to the quarters of general Putnam. The residence of this officer was a large square edifice of brick, two stories in height, at the corner of Broadway and the Battery, its windows looking out upon lawns and trees, the bay with its green and fortified islands, and the shores of Long Island and New Jersey stretching away to the south and east. The morning was cloudless, and the heat of the summer sun was lessened by a breeze from the bay. Detachments of soldiers, the sun glancing on helmet and steel, were parading, with drum and fife, and banners waving, on the green between the mansion and the water; horsemen were riding at full speed over the field, and the occasional note of a bugle swelled clearly on the air. The British fleet lay at anchor far down the Narrows, and the harbour was dotted with barges and light boats coursing in every direction. But none of these attracted the attention of the young officer as he dashed up, his horse foaming with his morning duties, to the front of

the edifice which was for the present to become his quarters. Objects more brilliant and enticing drew his eye and demanded his homage. Before the door was an equestrian party, consisting of two or three ladies in hat and plumes, mounted on small, graceful ponies; a young officer, with his foot in the stirrup, in the act of striding a spirited charger, richly caparisoned with military saddle and housings; and the figure of general Putnam himself, seated on his war-horse, the whole cavalcade just ready to move up Broadway, in which direction the young ladies had already begun to canter their horses.

"Good morning, major Burton," said the general, in a cheerful and welcome tone of voice, as our hero reined up; "you have joined us just in time. We have ladies under escort, you see, and comely lasses they are; so you'll be just in your element."

"I am honoured, general, by such an opportunity of——"

"There is no honour about it; we are to have a gallop as far as Bloomingdale, where I have some army business to transact, and these

ladies have volunteered to be my escort ; so we will press you at once. Take charge of Miss ——; but I had best make you acquainted with the lady. Miss Ney, I have the honour of presenting to your acquaintance and tender mercies my young friend and *aid-de-camp* major Burton ; my daughters you already know. Now, major, be careful you are not converted to toryism on the ride ; I have seen the time," he archly added, " when a pair of black eyes—but never mind ; let us forward."

The young officer's eyes as he rode up had been instantly arrested and fixed by the graceful figure and haughty beauty of the fair equestrian ; and as he was thus unceremoniously presented to her, he bent profoundly in his saddle, until his plume mingled with the mane of his courser ; and then elevating his person, he was about to address her, when the report of a piece of artillery on the green caused her fiery horse to rear and plunge fearfully ; she firmly kept her saddle, but not having sufficient strength to manage him, he would have bounded away, had not Burton, who was in the act of assuming his

cavalier's station at her side, compelled his horse, with the quickness of lightning, to clear the space between them; seizing her rein, he held it securely in his grasp, while at the same time he threw his arm around the young lady to assist her in retaining her seat.

"Gallantly done, my good cavalier, and prettily," exclaimed general Putnam, who though already in advance, had beheld the act as he turned round at the firing. "Did I not say you were in your proper element? Well, it would be long before a pretty girl would get into danger, if I were beside her; oh, you are a lucky dog, Burton. Take care of your heart, Miss Ney; he will lay close siege to it, depend upon it. I'faith, 'tis a worthy prelude, this passage of arms at first sight! ha, ha, ha!"

The cavalcade now moved up Broadway at a round pace, general Putnam and his eldest daughter taking the lead, followed by major Burton and Isabel Ney, the younger maidens being escorted by the artillery-officer before mentioned, while an orderly sergeant, two or three mounted privates, and a negro servant, brought

up the rear. They proceeded along the avenue, exchanging salutations with occasional passengers on the side walk, or with ladies drawn to the windows by the trampling of horses. Their ride for the first half mile was lined with the stately residences of the wealthy and great, each standing by itself, within its enclosure of lawn or parterre. After they had passed the angle where the Boston road turned off to the right, the dwellings became less frequent and substantial; instead of imposing brick edifices, bearing the index of wealth and fashion, they saw around them houses of an humbler description, such as linger about the skirts of large towns, the abodes of the poor and labouring classes, each dwelling, what with pigs and children of equal cleanliness, broken panes, and slatternly females, appearing like a farmhouse in dishabille.

Leaving this suburban quarter, they came into the open country, and cantered forward with that exhilaration of spirits, which the fresh morning air and the sight of green fields is calculated to bestow. Isabel Ney was in the highest vein of spirits. Her wit and humour,

and bewildering beauty, speedily captivated her companion. As now they traversed an open common, now threaded a dense forest, and now wound along the bank of the river through dell and dingle, the susceptible Burton abandoned himself to the exquisite enjoyment of the moment, and quite forgot that Eugenie de Lisle or Caroline Germaine ever had existence. Isabel Ney alone occupied his eyes, his thoughts, his imagination.

Isabel, who had arrived in a continental barge from "the Kills" the evening previous, ostensibly from Elizabethtown, but, as the reader is aware, really from Staten Island, had heard general Putnam, at the breakfast table, speak of a gallant young officer who was that day to be attached to his staff and received into his family, and the lively description given of him had excited her curiosity. When the handsome horseman was presented to her as the expected stranger, she was immediately struck with his fascinating address and fine Castilian style of face, lighted up with an eye the brilliancy of which she thought had never been surpassed;

and from the moment he seized and restrained her terrified horse, and so gracefully, yet naturally, encircled her waist, although she blushing expressed gratitude for his services, she felt a deeper sentiment than could spring from this emotion. With this prepossession in his favour and his own meteor-like passions, an acquaintance approaching a confidential nature was soon established between them.

They had insensibly fallen behind the party as they advanced into the country, at one time drawn aside by an eminence which promised a prospect of the distant city to the south, and of the surrounding country, or at another galloping away to explore a romantic glen, or, perhaps, linger for a few moments on some green, rock-girted peninsula, to gaze upon the Hudson and the ships of war lying far below ; so that, when within little more than a mile of the rural village of Bloomingdale, the cavalcade had ridden quite out of sight.

They now came to a retired peninsula, nearly encircled by inlets of the river, and which left only a narrow grassy path to connect it with

the mainland. Scarcely an acre in area, it formed a romantic amphitheatre of smooth sward; two noble oaks stood in the centre, and it was bordered by a fringe of willows and water-oaks. It was a spot in which Scottish superstition would have believed fairies to hold their nightly gatherings. Secluded from the road, it had only an opening to the north by a natural vista through the foliage. As this lovely spot burst upon their sight, they simultaneously reined up their horses, then spurred to the tempting hedge-bordered isthmus, which invited them to penetrate its recesses. They gazed around for a few moments in silence, and interchanged glances betraying that mutual pleasure experienced by cultivated minds when surveying nature in her lovelier aspects.

At length the eyes of Isabel rested on the summit of a distant cliff on the opposite side of the river, crowned with a fortress. After gazing upon it steadily for a moment, she turned carelessly to her companion, and said, pointing with her riding-whip—"Canst tell me, major Burton, as every tree and rock, every hill and hollow on

this lovely island seem known to you, what fortress frowns on yonder eminence?"

"Fort Lee, Miss Ney. One of the lions that guard the pass to the Highlands."

"Ah! I have heard of it. A stronghold of you rebels, hey?" she said, archly. "But where, pray, is the other lion?"

"That fortification thrown up on this side the river, some four miles above us, and directly opposite Fort Lee."

"I see it now, crowning a wooded eminence. You call it Fort Washington, I believe, after your leader. They are, I doubt not, two noble warders, well armed and fitted for their duty. I judge, major Burton," she playfully observed, and bowing gracefully to her cavalier, "that, from the specimen I have already seen of rebel gentlemen, yonder rock-guarded fortress has officers better suited to a lady's taste than the dull automatons of Percy's staff. What gallant rebel chief may command there?"

"A brave and excellent soldier, colonel Morgan; but one who cares less for beauty's eyes

than ball and steel; a bold soldier, but, perchance, rather a rude lover."

"Say you so? Then will I have nothing to say to him," she said, with lively determination.

"Canst not give me a more tempting portrait of your brother officers? No doubt, among so large a garrison, there are some gallants worthy a lady's glance. How many soldiers," she added, carelessly, and as if without aim, "may its garrison number?"

"About two thousand. But dost think of laying siege to it, Miss Ney, that you number the forces so closely?" he said, smiling.

"Heigho! I cannot say," she replied, with the air of a vain beauty: "I have taken such a fancy to rebels this morning," added she, glancing towards him with eyes in which he thought irony and passion were mingled, "that I think I shall lay siege to some of their hearts. But I dare say these stubborn rebel hearts it would be harder to make capitulate than even their frowning fortress."

"Not so, I think, Miss Ney," he said, ten-

derly ; and then, with something of the soldier's enthusiasm, replied, " the lines and outworks of yonder fort are drawn quite across the island ; the ground, you see, is naturally strong ; the fortifications admirable ; and although, perhaps, not sufficient to resist heavy artillery (however the officers' hearts may be defended)," he added, meeting the brilliant artillery of eyes that played with effect into his own heart as he spoke, " it is, nevertheless, in condition to resist any attempt to carry it by storm. The garrison consists of the best American troops in the army, and in the commanding officer the greatest confidence is placed."

" Truly," rejoined the young lady, in a lively tone, after having listened to his words thoughtfully, and with a marked attention, that would not have escaped the observation of Burton, had not his senses been banqueting in the glances of her eye, and blinded by her captivating beauty, " if you rebels have hearts as strongly fortified as your forts, I may as well save my credit, and neither lay them siege, nor assay them by storm.

I'll warrant me Fort Lee hath both her walls and hearts less defended."

"There are there gallant officers, whose hearts would soon yield to force so irresistible as that Miss Ney would bring against them."

He spoke with a devotion and fervour in his tone that did not escape her; and although, as a woman, she was flattered by the silent yet eloquent homage of his eyes and manner, she nevertheless resolved, with that strength of mind which could control every emotion, and even bridle a passion so subtle as love, and make it the slave of her will, to profit by her power, and while she controlled him as her admirer, if not her lover, also to make use of him as the instrument of her dangerous mission. Time will unfold the success of her policy; Edward Burton, she was yet to learn, was no ordinary lover.

"You have, no doubt, been at Fort Lee, which appears as if nature had intended it for the guard to the Highlands. Is it as impregnable as it looks from here?" she quietly asked, appearing at the same time as if her whole at-

tention was engaged in soothing her spirited pony, by patting him on the mane.

"I have frequently visited it. It is equally strong with Fort Washington; but the two fortresses being dependant on each other, its evacuation would no doubt follow the capitulation of the former; neither of them alone could command the river."

"Nor both together, I should think," said the maiden, bending her brows, and directing a steady and observing glance towards them; "they are too high and far from the river to guard its pass. I could as easily," she added, with animation, her natural spirit breaking out, "sail between them in a good and well-appointed frigate, as I can canter between the hedges that border the avenue we just came through, and with as little danger."

The young soldier watched her flashing eye and almost stern aspect, as, with the mien of a youthful Minerva, she spoke on warlike themes so foreign to her youth and sex. With a kindling eye he gazed upon her, bewildered between wonder at the strange and fierce energy

of her spirit, admiration of her lofty beauty, and the devotion of an ardent lover.—“Are all of England’s maidens so skilled in the science of war? and wear they all such bold hearts as are oftener hidden beneath steel corslet than a silken spencer?” he said, with playful irony.

“England is a warlike land,” she replied, heedless of his tone of raillery; “her sons are brave and soldierly, and it becomes not her daughters to be indifferent to themes which fill a father’s, a brother’s, or a lover’s bosom. The casque and corslet can become woman’s brow as well as man’s, if history tell us truly.”

“Fair lady,” said the cavalier, bending low, “wilt take horse and armour, and join our banners in the field? Myself and a score of lancers at least will serve under your banner.”

“Fit knights, I would swear,” she answered, piqued at his raillery, and curling her beautiful lip with derision, “and but too well honoured by being led to the charge by a woman.”

“Your sex, fair lady,” he continued, in the same vein, “has led knights, and caused battles without number, from the days of the Egyptian

sorceress until now. Verily, 'twere no such strange thing for those who pit armies in the field, to take the lead in the mischief they have set on foot."

"Bravely spoken and courteously, most gallant rebel," she replied, laughing. "Is such the incense you colonial gentlemen are wont to offer to our sex? But hark you, rebellious sir, all that you have told me about yonder frowning lines will not tempt me to lay siege to either heart or wall connected with them. Canst not, fair and valorous sir, point me out a worthy mark for my artillery? I am strangely belligerent this morning with breathing this rebel air, and keeping rebel company, and feel as if I could take off a score of rebel heads without mercy."

As she spoke, her features were animated with the conscious power of beauty; and while she thus discoursed with a freedom that appeared to despise the little arts of her sex, whom in love nature has taught by art to conceal art, her voice and manner exerted an irresistible charm upon Burton. Suddenly yielding

to her fascinating influence, he leaped from his horse, and dropped gracefully on one knee before her.—“ Lady,” he said, laying his hand on his heart, and speaking in a low and earnest tone, that seemed as if either subdued by the power of love, or artfully modulated to suit his purpose, and assuming the respectful air of a lover who trembles between hope and fear, “ behold at your feet both the heart and head of a rebel knight, who yields himself a slave to your beauty, rescue or no rescue !” And low he bent his head, as if awaiting his sentence.

“ Rise, sir knight,” she said, gaily, while the heightened colour of her cheek, and the trembling emotion of her lip, as she spoke, betrayed a depth of feeling which she in vain sought to disguise beneath the lightness of her words and manner ; “ I herewith figuratively strike off thy head,” playfully laying her riding-switch upon his shoulders, “ or dub thee my dutiful knight, as it may best please thee. Thy heart I will not despoil thee of.”

“ Lady,” he continued, still kneeling, with his eyes pleadingly uplifted to hers, and full of

the devotion of love, "thou hast cruelly spared my life, if thou wilt not grant me that which alone can make life endurable."

"Name then thy wish, sir," she replied, after some hesitation, turning away her eyes from his eloquent glance, in which all his heart beamed, even under the mask of mockery, while maidenly expectation flitted across her face in deepening blushes, for at such a moment the woman could not be altogether subdued.

"In gratitude for the life thou hast bestowed, fair lady, deign to accept the heart which was also offered with it."

"Nay, sir knight, if thou canst not live without thy head, how canst thou live without thy heart? Solve me that mystery," she rejoined, with something of her natural humour and spirit.

"With all humility," he replied, bowing to the stirrup, till his lips nearly touched the slipper that half concealed her symmetrical foot, "I trust to your generous nature to supply its place."

"Of a truth, fair sir, 'tis a modest trust.

You rebels must think English maidens carry a brace of hearts beneath their spencers, to supply some wandering cavalier's lacking."

"Not so, lady," pursued the kneeling lover ;
"but we are taught to believe England's maid-
ens are too generous to take a poor cavalier's
heart away, and leave him none in return."

"Whose heart, then, will suit thee, sir sup-
pliant? I trust thou couldst not think I'd give
thee a sound loyal one in exchange for a rebel's.
Admit treason into my bosom, and adorn thee
with a heart as loyal as ever throbbed in Briton's
breast! In sooth, thou art as modest in thy in-
dividual 'quests as thy greedy Congress in her
wholesale demands. Thou art a true rebel, as
thy modesty would testify."

She spoke these words in a tone of affected
seriousness, but so inimitably assumed, that the
lover gazed upon her for an instant in doubt
and hesitation before he was convinced, by an
almost imperceptible smile playing in her eye
and round her mouth, that she felt not as she
spoke. All at once changing his manner and

attitude, in which there was more of sincerity than affection, he seized her hand, and pressing it warmly to his lips ere she could withdraw it, said—"I will no longer disguise my feelings, nor debase their sacred nature by this gay badinage; nay, curl not that queenly lip, and look not upon me with a coldness which my heart tells me you do not feel."

"Which your vanity tells you, rather, you should say, bold wooer," she replied, smiling. "But if you will be so pressing, and it suits your humour to fall, or affect to fall in love so soon, why, then, all that a poor maiden like me can do," she continued, with a submissive air, which, however, her arch looks contradicted, "is meekly to submit; so there is my hand, and, if you will, my heart in it, in token of submission to my fate; but not rescue or no rescue—mark you, sir, for if the humour take me, I fly a free bird again."

"Not if these arms can hold you, lady," he exclaimed, with passionate ardour.

"What, sir, you take a free licence with your speech! But mount, and let us follow my guar-

dian, who would be apt to cage me if he knew how wildly we flew when beyond his call. Hark you, sir," she said, shaking her riding-whip at him as they cantered over the grassy causeway that divided the peninsula from the road, "be discreet, and let not your eyes betray what has passed;" then adding seriously, "'twill bring suspicion on you as an American officer, if 'tis whispered that you are in too close confidence with the daughter of major Ney. We will be friends as inmates of the same family, but, on thy knightly spurs, beware—no more!"

As they entered the village of Bloomingdale they met their party on its return to town.— " 'Tis well we have no Gretna Green on the island," said general Putnam, laughing, and addressing them as they rode up, "or I should now accost you as brother Benedict, major Burton. Ha! Well, I have not so widely shot my random shaft," he continued, in a lively strain, as he observed the colour mount to the brows of the young officer, and marked the studiously-averted head of the young lady. "Well, there is nothing like the country, with its snug hiding-

places among the green trees, for lovers—hâ, ha, ha! What say you, major?"

"I will not presume to dissent from your opinion, general, my experience in this matter having been more limited than your own."

"Upon my soul, a modest reply! You are disposed to make me a perfect pastoral; I am not worthy to be the string to tie your bouquet in such matters; and I will wager my best charger, that if Hymen has not been busy, Dan Cupid has not been idle. But 'tis as natural for folks to love as to hate at first sight, I suppose. But something equally dangerous has been at work: you are by this time either a brace of tories or a brace of whigs. Ho! Miss Ney, you need not look so archly with that demure countenance; you have not been idle. I believe you have come here expressly to convert my young officers to rank toryism; if so, and it is proved on you, I shall hold you in close bondage. Dost hear that, Miss?"

"Truly do I," replied the maiden; "and wonder not, if you tremble at a poor maiden,

that your rebel officers are so ready to yield to British arms."

"If all British arms were like thine," replied the general gallantly, but dryly, putting a construction on her words which she could not foresee that they were susceptible of receiving, "there would not be officer or soldier in camp by sunset."

Isabel blushed, half angrily, and without replying, whipped her horse into a canter, while Burton, having encountered a glance of sly intelligence from the humorous general, galloped on and was soon at her side. The party regained the city without accident or adventure. Major Burton assisted Isabel to alight before the mansion of general Putnam; as she touched the ground he pressed her hand; the slight pressure was returned with a smile, strongly partaking of the newly-awakened feelings in her heart, and she glided past him into the house. He was about to follow, when a footman placed in his hand a note that had been left for him during his absence. Hastily breaking the seal,

he glanced at its contents with a smile, then remounting his horse, galloped away in the direction of the head-quarters in Queen-street.

CHAP. IX.

The Bouquet.

ZACHARIE, with his natural sagacity, had faithfully followed the parting instructions of his master when he rode away in the morning. Through the servants and other means with which his instinctive tact provided him, he had ascertained that Eugenie (whom he had not yet seen, and only knew as a young lady who had called to see his master, and been intercepted by general Washington, who had placed her, for the time, under a sort of arrest) was to be removed that afternoon to the country, but to what place he could not obtain any accurate information. He

hastened, however, to the quarters of general Putnam to communicate the knowledge he had gained, and on learning major Burton's absence, obtained a piece of paper from a neighbouring guardhouse, and drew upon it with some skill—for the art of writing formed not a part of Zacharie's education—the figure of a monk, with a misshapen Z beneath it, and above it that of a horse, or what was no doubt intended for it, with his legs extended at full speed. Having executed this hieroglyphic note, he folded, sealed, and, without directing, left it with a servant to be given to major Burton on his return.

Comprehending the meaning of the note rather from his own wishes than by the aid of any freemasonry existing between him and its perpetrator, Burton put spurs to his horse, and rode at a rate which even the far-stretched limbs of Zacharie's pencilled steed had no pretensions towards illustrating.

He had nearly gained the square in which the head-quarters were situated, and was riding past the outlet of a steep and narrow alley leading from the water to Queen-street, when hearing

a shrill and peculiar whistle, he looked round and beheld Zacharie a few paces down the alley beckoning to him. He turned his horse and rode towards him. The close or alley was retired, and seldom used as a thoroughfare, Beekman-street, in its immediate vicinity, being the chief avenue communicating with the East River in that part of the town.

"Well, Zacharie," said Burton, laughing, "I received your mysterious note, and advise you henceforth to adopt as your coat of arms a monk salient, with a horse rampant, surmounted with the letter Z for your crest. I will take a hint from your style of notes; 'twill serve me both in war and in love."

"'Twill be the more like its writer then. But I have news for you. Your game will soon be beyond bowshot."

"How mean you?"

"She is still in the general's family, but will have left this afternoon for the country by water; but which way, as blue water is as plenty as blue sky about here, it must take thy wisdom to tell."

"Take water, and this afternoon!" said Bur-

ton, surprised; he then added, thoughtfully, "this must be prevented. I am not to be brow-beaten, and then robbed of my lady-love by a man, because he happens to be my superior officer. By Heaven, I will beard the lion in his den, and at his hand demand her!"

"Look ye, sir," said Zacharie, grasping his rein, and by a movement of his hand, rather of sleight than of strength, almost throwing his horse back upon his haunches, as the rider buried his spurs in his sides, and prepared to obey the hasty impulse of his passions, "I think I know a better plan than that; 'tis this—" here he dropped his voice to a low key for a few sentences; "I will keep close and watch their departure, and, after marking the course they take, hasten and let thee know."

"How is this to aid me?"

"Give me orders to have a boat well manned in readiness at Whitehall, so we can pursue them if they cross to the islands. If they go up the river, we can take horse and follow; so we have them, let them take land or water."

"A scheme worthy the wit that begat it,"

said Burton, with a smile, and shaking his head disapprovingly. "If Washington is sending her from my presence, he will probably place her under a strong escort, and thus defeat my purpose, and render your plan abortive. Canst not make your wit, ready enough for your own mischief, now serve me better than this?"

"You can at any time call out a detachment of soldiers for scouting. Demand of general Putnam ten men to accompany you on an excursion for any purpose you choose to invent, and have them ready by four o'clock to ride or row, and leave the rest to me."

"I thought you had some devil lurking in your eye, sir. Would you have me to attack an escort of my own army?"

"Ay! Wouldst thou not attack thy own army's general shouldst thou encounter him bearing off thy lady-love? By the holy pope, if it comes to fighting, then say 'twas mutiny, treason, a mistake—anything; or leave it to me, I will make out a lie that shall outface truth."

The officer mused a moment, and then said quickly, as he turned away—" 'Tis the only

alternative. I shall be ready at my quarters to hear news from you at four; but take care you breathe not my name in your transactions, and see too that you do everything both secretly and surely."

Here Burton put spurs to his horse and rode back to his quarters, the image of Eugenie giving way at every stroke of his horse's feet on the pavement, and that of Isabel gradually taking its place, until, as he dismounted before the mansion of general Putnam, and hastened to seek her presence, it had entire possession both of his heart and head.

A liveried and powdered footman informed him that the ladies were in the cupola, where general Putnam was watching the manœuvres of the British fleet, which appeared to be getting under weigh. He ascended to this place, and was received with a hearty welcome by the general, and a pleased yet embarrassed manner by Miss Ney, who, with the general, were the only occupants of the cupola.

"The enemy are manœuvring mysteriously below there, major," said general Putnam, sur-

veying through a telescope the British fleet. "Howe has some scheme in his head which he thinks will overreach the Yankees. Look, major, what do you think of yonder movements? Can those frigates be ranging up along the shore for the purpose of covering the landing of their troops on Long Island?"

"They are evidently contemplating a landing," said the young soldier, after a moment's observation.

"Pray Heaven it may be so! If they don't soon give us a little fighting, they will find no enemy to keep their blood in circulation."

"How so, general?" inquired Isabel; "do you think of running away?"

"Not exactly, if we can help it. The soldiers' time of enlistment is up in December, when the army will dissolve like icicles in a sunny forenoon. Confound this short enlistment! we no sooner get men used to the sound of cannon and the burning of gunpowder, and begin to feel confidence in their officers, and they in them, than, presto! they all vanish like the thin

air, leaving, as William Shakspeare says, 'not a wreck behind.'

"How large an army is there now in the city, general?" she inquired, in the tone in which she would have asked the name of a flower.

"Some six thousand men, besides our regiments in Brooklyn. What do you see, major Burton? you look as if you spied something of moment."

"A single frigate standing boldly towards the city."

"'Tis the Roebuck. Keep this post, and report from time to time your observations. I will ride to head-quarters, and make known this movement."

The time passed in the cupola, after the departure of general Putnam, was faithfully and pretty equally devoted by Burton to the operations of war and love. The progress he made in the latter, however, was the most gratifying; and when, at the termination of an hour, general Putnam rejoined them, he had been told, not only by the eyes, but also by the lips of the haughty Isabel, that she loved him. It was,

therefore, with the heightened glow of victory in love, as well as the flush of military enthusiasm, that he received the announcement that the commander-in-chief had appointed general Putnam to the command at Brooklyn, whither he was immediately to proceed with six additional regiments.

"Now, Burton," he said, with noble ardour, "we will try what mettle our troops are of. Howe is actually disembarking his men under cover of his guns, for a spy came in and confirmed our suspicions while I was with Washington; he is to march his forces against Brooklyn, which, if taken, will give him command of New York; and then, Miss Ney," he added, archly, "we shall most certainly have to run away."

"I hope you will not carry me with you, general."

"Assuredly. I shall hold you as my prisoner."

"But what if I refuse to become your prisoner? You will not lock me up, I hope?"

"I fear I must," he replied, with assumed gravity. "What think you? The commander-in-chief, on being informed of the character of

my fair guest, frowned with some displeasure, and, at first, said you must be sent with a flag of truce to Staten, or Long Island, to your father; but then, I having told him what a tinder-box you were, he said, very seriously, that no doubt you might be well calculated for a spy, and perhaps was one, and that I must keep a sharp eye upon you, and, moreover, not allow you to come within speaking distance of my gallant aid-de-camp, whom he advises me to keep in close duty at Brooklyn, no doubt to prevent his being brought over to toryism by a pair of black eyes and ruby lips."

"Your general is a rare cavalier, and has my thanks for his flattering opinion of me," she said, scornfully curling her lips, and assuming an appearance of indignation. "Said he ought further in this courtly vein?"

"Only that you possibly might be detained as hostage for your father's good behaviour."

"Now will I assert my woman's spirit," she said, rising and speaking with great energy, "and meet compulsion with obstinacy. I will be neither prisoner nor hostage. With faith in

the honour of a gentleman and an officer, I placed myself beneath this roof as his guest ; and if the word of a gentleman and a soldier is to be pledged thus lightly, then are ye a base rebel crew, unfit to stand in that august senate to which ye aspire, and for which ye are now in arms. I appeal to the faint spark of honour yet in American bosoms ; and there is my glove," she added, with ineffable scorn, flinging her glove at the feet of the gentlemen, " in testimony of my appeal, though, God knows, there is not gentle blood enough in the land to lift it !"

Burton sprang to take it up, when general Putnam, at whose feet it fell, gracefully raised it, pressed it to his lips, and fixed it like a bouquet to the buttonhole of his vest ; then taking her hand, he said, with mingled sympathy and good nature—" My dear Miss Ney, you judge too harshly of American soldiers. So long as you are beneath my roof, which shall be as long as it is your pleasure to remain, you are my honoured guest. When the commander-in-chief proposed to retain you as a hostage," he added, smiling, " my sword flew half out of

its sheath, and I swore a round oath that it should not be."

The emotion of the maiden, although it was at first, perhaps, partly assumed, but from the quickness and violence of her feelings, had become real, was soothed by the sincere and tender address of the general; and with glistening eyes she returned the pressure of his hand; but happening at the same moment to meet the riveted gaze of her admirer, she gave way to an uncontrollable burst of merriment.

He had stood, while she was speaking, lost in wonder and surprise, and with something of the philosopher and the lover in his countenance, deeply studying the character of the strange creature, whose moral features, like the changes of the northern lights, were constantly presenting new and more startling appearances. Bewildered in the maze of speculation which these contrarieties of disposition presented to his study, he forgot for the moment his usual presence of mind; and when she turned towards

him, his eyes were fixed upon her with the look of one in whose hands a dove has suddenly assumed the ferocity of a bird of prey, and which he knows not whether to replace in his bosom, or shrink away from with fear.

The merry laughter of the maiden instantly restored good feeling, and seemed at once to place them all three, lately in such a belligerent attitude, on a more confidential footing than before.

The attention of the general now was once more drawn to the bay.—“ See ! that vessel of war, which I think is the Roebuck, has hove to nearly abreast of Gowan’s Cove, but lies beyond gunshot of Red Hook, or I should think she was about to open a cannonade upon it. How many thousand men can Howe lend them, Miss Ney ?”

“ Who is the spy now, general ?” said the lady, laughing. “ I shall order you under arrest, if you put any more questions of that nature to me.”

“ I dare say you could tell the number of stitches in a stocking better than the number of

men in a regiment. Burton," he added, " we must embark six regiments to-night, and I shall need your services. I see a flag of truce approaching. Good by !"

" Eight perhaps will be early enough for me to join you ?" asked Burton, carelessly.

" Oh, yes, if you have other business. The boats will not be ready before dark."

" Then at eight I shall assist at the embarkation; for if general Washington is to keep me at such close duty in Brooklyn, I shall need some hours to attend to my interests in New York."

" No doubt," said the general, dryly, glancing at Isabel as they descended the steps of the cupola.

On gaining the hall, they met the officer bearing the flag of truce, who had come to negotiate for the exchange of a tory officer then prisoner with the Americans.

During the conversation in relation to this subject, Miss Ney, as if it had no interest for her, desired Burton to aid her in making a

bouquet, saying that she wished to send it to her father. Approaching the windows of the drawing-room, which were filled with vases of flowers, with his assistance, though not without unaccountably and waywardly rejecting many he offered, and making her selections with much care, she soon made up a garland of peculiar form and arrangement of colour. Returning into the hall, she presented it to the British officer, with much grace, and a glance of meaning which was intelligibly returned by him, inquired after her father's health, and desired him to present him with it in token of her affection.

Neither the manner, voice, nor glance, were lost on the vigilant lover; and for the first time it occurred to him that the suspicions of general Washington might not be unfounded, and he was strengthened in this opinion when he hastily ran over in his mind the character of Isabel, than whom none fitter for the service could have been chosen among her sex. He was aware that she had obtained some important information, but did not know how much she had gained in the short period of her stay. Isa-

bel indeed had commenced her system of spying even upon the officer commanding the boats that came to convey her from "the Kills" to the city; and by every means in her power, guided by her remarkable tact and presence of mind, and aided by numerous unguarded opportunities, she had in one night and subsequent forenoon obtained almost all the information which the earl of Percy would have deemed necessary.

Familiar with the language of flowers, and observing the glances of intelligence interchanged between her and the bearer of the flag of truce, and the suspicion of her true character having consequently flashed on his mind, Burton closely observed the bouquet which the officer held in his hand, studied the arrangement of its flowers, and detected at once their artifice. Although he could not, without exciting suspicion by the closeness of his observations, interpret their story, he determined at once to render the plan abortive; he therefore carelessly approached the window, pulled a "forget-me-not," and returning to Isabel, said gracefully—

“ You have forgotten, Miss Ney, to send to your father a ‘ forget-me-not ;’ shall I have the honour of adding it to your nosegay ?”

“ Oh no, no !” she said, with quickness, thrown off her guard, and at once confirming his suspicions.

He had however already solicited and obtained the bouquet from the officer, who could not without rudeness decline resigning it to him ; and while inserting the flower, he destroyed unperceived their artificial and intelligible arrangement. In returning it to him again, he encountered the dark eyes of the maiden lighted up with anger and suspicion. Her equanimity, however, was soon restored by the fascinating attentions of Burton, who, after the officer left the room, entirely removed her suspicions of his knowledge of her secret ; and, as usually is the case after a cloud raised by a lover darkens a lady’s brow, there succeeded a more brilliant sunshine of smiles than before.

Although now amply convinced that Isabel was a spy, he resolved to conceal his suspicions from her, and remove her at once, not only from the

scene of the operations of the army, but, at the same time, accomplish a purpose of his own. Having, therefore, assured himself of, and strengthened his power over her heart, by those insinuating attentions, and that language of love no one knew better how to use or adapt to the weaknesses of those around whose hearts he wished to throw the charms of passion, he took leave of her; then seeking general Putnam, who was in the act of mounting his horse at the door, he at once communicated to him his suspicions, or, rather, his conviction of the dangerous character of his guest.

“Strange that Washington should always have so much more sagacity than other men!” said the general, who was convinced by the statement made by his aid. “So long as God preserves him to lead our armies,” he continued, as if reverting to other instances of his wisdom, “our cause will prosper. But what must be done? I have taken up her gauntlet,” he added, gallantly pointing to the gage still adorning his breast, “and, with her high English blood, she will

consign us all to ignominy. Our gallantry and hospitality are at stake, sir."

"Obtain an order from the commander-in-chief for her removal to New Jersey or Kingsbridge, until we see how affairs turn out at Brooklyn. I will command the escort, and return before you embark: she will be unable then to communicate with the British army, and can, therefore, do us no mischief."

General Putnam looked inquiringly into the face of his young aid-de-camp as he pressed, somewhat warmly, this plan, and then, with a significant smile, said, as he got into the saddle—"I would make oath, Burton, thou art serving thyself more in this matter than thy country; but I think it best to take this step you propose. Spare me in the affair," he added, laughing, and riding off, "or she will hack off my spurs as a craven knight."

At the expiration of an hour, Burton, who in the interval had been making preparations for marching with the escort, which was about to serve a double purpose, received, through general Putnam, an order from the commander-

in-chief, confirmed by the president of the Congress, who had not yet left the city, directing Miss Ney to be conveyed, as a suspicious and dangerous person, to Kingsbridge, and there to be strictly watched; accompanying the order was a letter, addressed to general Mifflin there commanding, and private instructions from general Putnam to Burton, to take command of the expedition, which should consist of not more than six dragoons. Burton undertook the delicate mission of acquainting Miss Ney with the official order. He found her on the housetop, surveying, with longing eyes, the fleet of her native England.

"I can liken you only to an imprisoned bird, fair Isabel, looking from the bars of its cage towards its native woods," he said, smiling, as he entered the latticed tower; "but, poor bird! I fear me," continued he, with affected commiseration, "the cruelty of the rebels will shut you up yet closer."

"How mean you, Burton?" she inquired, laying aside the telescope, and placing her hand

confidingly, yet with an earnest manner, on his arm; "there is a mystery in your face which betokens either good or ill to me, but which I am too unskilled to read."

"Here, my Isabel, are lines less mysterious," he replied, placing in her hand the order from the commander-in-chief; then, taking his seat beside her, while his arm carelessly, and as if unconsciously, glided round her waist, he watched the expression of her countenance, as, with kindling eyes, a changing cheek, and scornful lip, she perused the order.

"Upon the honour of an Englishwoman," she said, coolly returning the paper, "this chief of yours hath little to do to meddle thus with the affairs of a helpless girl. Truly, your cause must be a noble one, sir, that its leader can resort to such means to uphold it. Well, Burton," she continued, turning towards him, and bitterly smiling, while her eyes glistened with tears, which the penetrating lover attributed to their true cause, excitement rather than innocence, "I yield me your prisoner. But," she added, quickly, blushing at an exhibition of

feeling she sought not to suppress, "I trust I shall not lose you, Burton. I know not how it is, that you have so soon obtained such control over me! until I saw you, I never beheld a man I did not absolutely hate. I know not why, unless from that perverse nature which is in me, and makes me differ from every one of my sex. This morning has shown me," she continued, with more softness, and yielding to the slight embrace in which he held her, "that I am as free to love as to hate. Now that I fear I am to be separated from you, perhaps for ever, I will frankly and sincerely tell you—and if I hated you I should be as frank—that, if the feelings I entertain for you are suggested by love, I love you, Burton."

"So haughty, and confess so much?"

"It is my proud spirit that makes me openly confess what maidens generally strive to conceal, albeit love speaks out in every look and motion as plainly and visibly as a lamp shines out at night. I am too proud to leave you in doubt, for one moment, as to my sentiments. I could not endure that you should speculate upon

my feelings. And, my dear Burton," she said, returning his embrace, " my heart tells me, that my love is not unrequited. Will you not come and cheer my solitude at Kingsbridge."

" Does the wanderer of a gloomy night wish to behold the sun?"

" Nay, Burton, use not such expressions. I like honest, straightforward language. I cannot believe there is much depth of feeling, or of sincerity, in coined compliments."

" Then every hour I pass not in the field shall be spent at your feet."

" Well, that is better; but say that I may see you at least twice a week, and I shall be resigned to this unjust and tyrannical order."

" My beautiful Isabel, for by that endearing name I must call you, I will see you once a day, so long as you honour Kingsbridge with your presence. But tell me, Isabel," he inquired, looking steadily into her eyes, while a smile of peculiar intelligence played round his mouth, " is this order so very unjust?"

" *You* certainly cannot suspect me, Burton?" she exclaimed, between surprise and alarm.

"Oh, no!" he said, laughing; "but a fair countrywoman of your own, when I was quite a youth in college, taught me the language of flowers." He fixed his dark eyes, as he concluded, full upon her, with a conscious gaze which she could not withstand.

Encountering his steady look for a moment, she dropped her eyelids, and as the scene in the hall occurred to her, she said, reprovingly, yet forgivingly—"Can it be, Burton, that I am indebted to you for this order?"

"Not to my duty as a soldier, Isabel," he replied, casting himself at her feet, "but to my deep and devoted passion as a lover. I detected your correspondence with the flag of truce, and, as you perceived, rendered it abortive. Alarmed for your safety, if you should be detected by others, in communication with the enemy, I immediately obtained from general Washington, this order for your removal, not so much to a place of security, my dear Isabel, as to a bower of love. Here I could see you only in the presence of others; there I can see you daily unobserved. It was to secure to myself

the uninterrupted happiness of your society, rather than to prevent mischief to our cause, that I sought this removal. It is my act, and not the chief's. I alone am guilty; and if love deep and sincere can plead my cause and procure my pardon, then should I not now plead in vain."

The face of the maiden, as he confessed his participation in this act, became dark and fearfully passionate, as if she could have struck a dagger into his bosom. Her eyes gleamed with that fierce and almost demoniacal light which characterized the strength of her feelings, giving to her countenance a fearful beauty; more fearful still from its exquisite loveliness. But as he proceeded, the sterner character of her face changed; and while her ears drank in the words of passion he poured into them, a new spirit, such as is wont to beam in woman's eyes when love pleads to her heart, animated hers, and with a smile that marked his entire restoration to favour, she extended her hand. He seized and pressed it to his lips, then enclosed her person in his arms.

She blushing released herself from his embrace just as the round face of Zacharie made its appearance in the door. With a countenance in which arch roguery, sly humour, and mischievous intelligence, were oddly mingled, he beckoned his master to him with a jerk of his chin.

"I have found out which way the scent lies. A place called Kip's Cove, or Bay, is where——" here, as he happened to encounter the dark eye of the lady, sundry winks supplied the remainder of the sentence, which, however, ended with, "Four o'clock precisely—Coenties-slip."

"Then go, and wait my coming."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Zacharie, casting a side-long glance at the lady as he was disappearing; "if this master of mine wouldn't make a capital friar, cassock on or cassock off! He is always confessing some black eye or other. Well! every man to his tastes. I like the chink of a dollar, and he likes the blink of a bright eye, and so we are both suited."

Thus soliloquizing, he found his way, by a sort of instinct, to the apartments of the servants,

where, with one eye cocked towards the hall door, to watch his master's approach, and the other squinting at the maids, black and white, he awaited the appearance of Burton, entertaining the company in the meanwhile with many a jibe and joke.

CHAP. X.

The Departures.

As the bell in a neighbouring spire tolled the hour of two, on the afternoon of the day on which the events related in the last chapter transpired, a small troop, consisting of six dragoons, trotted across the lawn in front of the quarters of general Putnam, and drawing up at the corner of the street, sat immoveable in their saddles, as if awaiting the orders of some one within the mansion. A little way before them a footman held

two horses, one caparisoned for a lady, the other a noble warhorse in military harness. In a few moments afterward, mounted on a nag with a shaggy and uncombed mane, long whisking tail, short legs, and round plump body, did Zacharie, arrayed in a sort of uniform, also gallop round from the stables, and by dint of beating with his fists and thumping with his unarmed heels, compel his fierce little horse to range up along the flank of the dragoons.

"Lo, are ye here, my masters?" he cried, in a shrill voice and confident tone, when at length he had brought his horse to stand at an oblique angle with the grave steeds of the troopers, it being the only mode of proximity he could compel him to assume; "I thought you'd be so busy stowing provender 'neath your belt, Simon," he continued, addressing one of the troopers, in good corporeal condition for a soldier in garrison, who seemed to command the party, "that you'd give your knaves a plea for loitering when work's to do."

"So, then, work's to do, ha, younker?" said the stout soldier, with some alertness; "'twere

time the rust were taken off our blades ; they've been idle full long."

" Marry have they, stout Simon. You've been feeding and fattening here, till you are now like so much live pork, fit only to be killed."

" Art at your jokes, younker," said the trooper, laughing with good-humour. " If't come to that, I'll use the flat o' my broadsword on your back ; it's what'll only match that sharp tongue o' thine."

" The saints 'a mercy, Simon," replied the lad, in affected terror ; " if thou makest such arguments to thy *rib's* ribs, when her tongue plays nimbly in thine ears, thou hast no need of other work to keep thy blade from rusting. Marry ! if all our troopers had wives like thine, 'twould keep them in practice. Six so experienced would put a score of the enemy to flight."

" Out upon thee, jackanapes ! didst ever know a woman without a tongue ?"

" By the pope, have I not ! 'Tis as useful to her as the broadsword to a bold trooper. My grandam hath a tongue will start fair with a guinea-keet and win the field. 'Twas the song

used to wake me o' mornings, season my porridge, and sing me to sleep o' nights."

"Then hast thou come honestly by thy tongue, boy; but, hist! here comes thy master," he added, as Burton came to the door, and after glancing at the escort, returned into the hall.

"Thou liest, Simon! he is no master of mine. We are sworn friends: we did each other a good turn in the northern wars, and so we stick to each other from sympathy."

"Thou wearest his livery, and art ever at his heels."

"There again thou liest! Look ye!—Dost not know the Congress livery from a master's? Wear I not the same blue jacket with the yellow braid—the same lawloop on my shoulders, and the same spurred boot; ay, am I not mounted all the same as thou art? Thou art an ignorant ass not to know thine own comrade! and, look ye," he added, unsheathing his hanger, "carry I not arms as well as thou? Thy wife's finger-nails have blinded thee, stout Simon."

"Thou art bravely apparelled, comrade," said the trooper, laughing, and glancing down

upon the boy, "and gallantly mounted withal. I ask thy pardon that I did not observe thee minutely. When next I come in thy company," he added, looking at him through the focus formed by his closed hand, I'll bring a microscope, lest thou shouldst escape my vision. But I could swear thou wast not thus decked out when thou camest to the barracks an hour ago to call us out."

"And for once in thy day thou wouldst make oath to the truth. Dost think a man can be but one thing, because thou thyself art fit only to straddle a horse's back, deal blows with thy broadsword, and move at the word of command, for all the world like a huge wooden chessman? My wit is put to better use. I can be private secretary at home, soldier in the field, companion in the walk, and in a thousand ways make myself of use, and turn a shilling into my pocket."

"A sort of chameleon of the times," said one of the other troopers, dryly, with a shrewd physiognomy, a tall gaunt frame, and the nose of Bardolph.

"Thou art an overgrown camel, carrying more liquor in thy belly than brains in thy scull," retorted Zacharie to him.

"There thou hast it, Mack, close home," cried another, laughing; and then turning, he said—"Zacharie, thou dost mean that thou art now a robber, now a saint; serving God or the devil, as suits thy present convenience."

"It hath never yet suited thy convenience, Joe Carbine, to be but the one, and that a devil-server. When thou art a saint, Mack's nose will turn pale with wonder. But hush up thy garrulous jaws; here comes thy master, if not mine," he quickly added, as general Putnam came to the door, lightly sustaining on his arm the elegant figure of Isabel Ney.

Burton soon followed them; and ordering the troop to ride forward, mounted his horse, while general Putnam assisted Isabel into her saddle. —"I have then your full pardon for my inhospitality, my dear Miss Ney?" he said, taking leave of her.

"You have, sir," she answered, with a smile; and then added, glancing archly at her glove,

which still adorned the breast of the gallant officer, "in token of which I recall my gage."

"Not so, Miss Ney," he replied, courteously; "that smile shall be sufficient token. This graceful gauntlet I beg leave to retain, as a memento of the fair combatant who so bravely flung it into the lists."

"You had best present it to your chief," she said, in a laughing tone, in which a slight vein of sarcasm was just perceptible, "in memorial of his arrest of the challenger."

She then extended her hand to her late host, who with formal courtesy pressed his lips to the taper fingers, and cantered away.

Burton, after giving some orders to Zacharie, waved an adieu to the general, in reply to some half-heard pleasantries in relation to black eyes and toryism; and, galloping after Isabel, the party was soon out of sight.

Zacharie, who had been left behind, followed them for a moment with his eyes, then, putting spurs to his nag, he dashed down a narrow alley which led in the direction of Queen-street. After a break-neck ride up hill and down hill,

for this section of the city was at that time uneven, he arrived at the entrance of the square, on the northern side of which stood the quarters of general Washington, and turned abruptly into the lane where he had formerly held a brief interview with Burton. Dismounting, he fastened his horse to a tree that stood at the corner of the lane, and placing himself behind it so that he could, without observation, command the whole front of the mansion, he continued to gaze steadily towards the edifice, occasionally uttering an exclamation of impatience. He had waited, however, but a quarter of an hour, when a heavily-built coach, drawn by a pair of large bay horses, and driven by a black coachman, rumbled through the gate which led to the stables, and, passing round the house, drew up before it. A black footman descended from behind, and opened the carriage door as general Washington and his lady, accompanied by two ladies and a young officer, came forth from the house. Zacharie beheld the last three get into the coach, the general and his lady take leave of them and re-enter the house, and the carriage

turn down a road to the east leading to Crown Point, now called Coenties-slip.

When the top of the carriage had disappeared behind the intervening hill, Zacharie remounted his pony, and, making a *detour* so as to elude the observation of the inmates at head-quarters, came into the road behind the coach about half a mile beyond. He followed slowly at a distance, along a dusty road running within a few rods of the East River, and bordered by magnificent elms and oaks of enormous size. The coach turned at length into a grassy lane a few yards in extent, which terminated at the water's edge, where the youthful spy saw the arms and waving feathers of a party of American soldiers. Leaving his horse by a fence, he crossed a narrow enclosure, and, undiscovered, gained a clump of bushes in an angle of the hedge close to the party. Insinuating his flexible form among the limbs and foliage, he at length stood within a few feet of them, and within hearing of their voices.

Four soldiers, with muskets and fixed bayonets, were seated in a boat with an awning over the stern, and, their arms lying beside them, had

taken oars in their hands. The coachman sat upon his box, his glistening eyes rolling about in wonder, which was the more lively as he dared not express it by any other organ; and the footman stood with his hand upon the door of the coach from which the ladies and young officer had just descended. One of the ladies, who possessed a tall and fine person, and whom Zacharie recognised as a Mrs. Stuyvesant, who had been two or three days on a visit at general Washington's, was supporting to the boat the other female, who was of a slighter figure and closely veiled, and appeared to be deeply agitated.

"Are you all ready, Holton?" asked the officer.

"Ay ay, sir, for the last hour; 'tis now full late to go and return by dark."

"'Tis only to Kip's Bay. We can run down in half an hour."

When the party was seated the young officer removed his cloak, exposing by the act a sword and brace of pistols, and placed it upon the seat

for the comfort of his fair passengers, particularly the youngest, who received the largest share, and around whom he folded it with tender assiduity, as if the cool August breeze from the sea would chill her limbs. He then commanded the amphibious guard to give way to their oars.

Handling them something as they would grasp a musket to charge bayonet, and, dropping them into the water in such a fashion as to besprinkle the party with a shower of salt water, and feathering them, or, as sailors term it, "catching crabs" at every alternate stroke, as if they sought to inflict further ablution, the soldiers pulled out from the land, and rowed along parallel with it until they turned the first point. Then hoisting a sail, they held their course northwardly, still hugging the shore, until they disappeared from the eyes of Zacharie behind a projecting ledge.

"Now, by my two patrons, love and war," he said, making his way out of the bushes, not without divers scratches and punctures from the thorns and branches, "if our six troopers, with myself to match that youngster, leaving the Frère

Edward to take care o' the petticoats, do not make these longlegged soldiers yield their charge, and on their marrow-bones cry *peccavi*, as Father Duc says, before we've done with them, then will I forfeit my manhood. Come, thou shaggy imp," he added, as he regained his steed, "put thy four legs in motion, if thou lovest mischief like thy master. Dost thou not know thou wast given me by the frère, because thou art so near akin to me? Now paddle thy ducklegs, and make the road smoke behind us."

Thus speaking, Zacharie stuck his spurs into the flanks of his nag, who, after flinging his heels into the air and making a demivolte across the road, by way of reply, scrambled forward, snorting and tossing his head: in a little while he left the main road, and, entering a bridle-path, pursued his way rapidly across wide fields to the northwest. A short time afterward he entered the Boston road, about two miles from its southern junction with Broadway, and, following the well-beaten road, rode forward without slackening his pace, occasionally catching glimpses of

the distant sailboat, which slowly kept its way along close to the land.

He had ridden about half an hour, when, descrying from a hill the approach of a company of infantry, he cautiously turned to the right into a wood, to conceal himself until they passed by. On gaining this shelter, and cantering round an abrupt ridge covered with trees, he came suddenly upon a small detachment of soldiers, seated around their open knapsacks, eating their evening meal. Before he could retreat his bridle was seized by the one nearest, and his business demanded, in no hospitable tone.

"I'm a trooper in the York dragoons, and despatched to meet my detachment, who are now on their way back from Kingsbridge."

"A pretty cock and bull story" cried the soldier who had arrested him: "you a trooper!" added he, with a laugh of derision, "I could put you and your horse in my knapsack, with ten day's provender, and not feel you."

"Ay," said another, holding up the breast-bone of a chicken which he had just denuded,

"I could make a better dragoon of this, set it astride my finger."

"A fine route you've taken to Kingsbridge, my hop-o'-my-thumb," growled a third, taking a canteen from his mouth, and drying his lips with his sleeve; "does Kingsbridge lie across East River, that you take this course, coming down upon us peaceable soldiers as if the devil kicked you on end?"

"He's a foreigner! hear his base accent!" continued a fourth.

"He's a Hessian," roared a fifth; "twig his Dutch build."

"If he dodges," cried a sixth, aiming a well-picked bone at Zacharie's head, "he's a tory, and shall be hung up on the highest tree."

Zacharie dodged as the missile hummed past his left ear, which it narrowly missed. A shout of laughter, and the cries of "a tory, a tory—hang him—noose him up!" resounded from the whole party.

Zacharie had turned from one to the other of his antagonists, as they severally spoke, with a fierce look that only increased the merriment

which a good subject, as they thought, and a full stomach, gave rise to; but at this last insult he drew a pistol from his belt, where he carried a brace, his saddle not being furnished with holsters, and suddenly striking his foot into the face of the soldier who held his rein, at the same time crying out—"There is a bone for you!" he aimed and fired at the man who had tested his politics by flinging the bone at his head; then, quicker than thought, turning his horse, he galloped round the ridge by the way he had approached. Before, however, he could get out of the reach of their muskets, two or three shots, fired by some of the soldiers who had seized their arms, whizzed by him, one of the balls passing through his cap. Instead of entering the road, lest he should encounter the infantry which were yet some distance off, he rode along the skirts of the wood, and being mounted, soon distanced all his pursuers, who were on foot, and who, after firing a few more ineffectual shots, gave up the pursuit. One of their number, however, had got possession of a horse, probably the fruit of a forage; for the continen-

tal troops were often as dangerous enemies to private property, either of whig or tory, in the neighbourhood of their encampment, as even the British soldiers themselves. This man, with a sword in his hand, with which he would one moment point energetically towards the object of pursuit, and the next belabour his steed, came on, shouting and extravagantly gesticulating, swearing huge oaths, and loudly calling on the fugitive to stop. Zacharie only laughed, mocked his mode of riding, and turning round, fired his remaining pistol at him in defiance.

The chase continued for half a mile, when Zacharie, finding that he was the best mounted, and seeing that his pursuer bore no firearms, slackened his pace ; then throwing the reins on his horse's neck, he proceeded, with great coolness, to reload his pistol. Having accomplished this, he looked backed back upon his antagonist, and after measuring him steadily for a moment, turned short to the right, leaped a narrow brook, and, favoured by the impetus of his pursuer, was the next moment in his rear.

"Now yield thee, base villain!" he cried,

stopping his horse, and levelling his pistol at the soldier as he reined up, on finding himself, by this skilful manœuvre, the pursued instead of the pursuer.

“ That will I, and gladly, Zacharie ; for such thou art, or else it be thy ghost. By my beard ! thou hast given me a sweat for’t, lad.”

“ And who art thou that swearest by thy beard, and callest me Zacharie, as if thou wert my pot companion ? By the pope, I should know that face o’ thine, though the varlet that I think it belongs to, were better at the tail of a plough than where men use sharp steel and burn gunpowder.”

“ Who, then, dost take me for, good Zacharie ?”

“ If I saw that foxy face ’neath a bonnet blue, and a capote over thy short carcass, and that carcass in the Vale of Chaudiere, I should call thee Jacques ; but Jacques had so much of that better part of valour called discretion, that thou, in thy soldier’s casque, and with steel in thy hand, canst not be him I mean.” As he spoke, a sly expres-

sion of humour, as if he now recognised the soldier, twinkled in his grey eyes.

"By my beard! I wish I were 'neath hood and capote, and once more safe in my cot: I am that same Jacques, good Zacharie, whom thou knowest. Turn away that pistolet from my body, and let me grasp the hand o' thee. 'Tis a long time since I've grasped a countryman's hand."

"Then here's a welcome to thee, Jacques," said the lad, replacing his pistol in his holsters, and riding to the side of his old acquaintance, who grasped both of his hands, and shook them with good-will.

"Gad's me," he said, his voice thick with delight, "but 'tis a lucky hour this! I doan't know whether to cry or laugh;" and, making a noise something between both, he again heartily shook his countryman's hand. "Lawk! who'd ha' thought of seeing you here, though they did tell me you were gone to the wars."

"Who, in the name of Beelzebub, rather, would have thought of finding the ploughman Jacques, who had not the heart to kill a mouse,

armed to the teeth, mounted on a fierce charger, pursuing an armed trooper, and ready to do battle to the death?"

"Noa, Zacharie, I know'd thee when thou didst ride so scamprageously in among us, and would ha' spoke to thee, but could not get time to put in my word with all the speaking; and so, when you kicked up the scrimmage, and was off as quick as you came, I jumps on this horse, which belonged to nobody in particular, but is a sort of a ramp follower, and gave chase. Noa, not I, I didn't think o' making battle."

"I'll be sworn you didn't, Jacques," said the boy, laughing; "thou hast too much discretion left, I will answer for't, to risk thy life on the chances of a humming bullet, or the prick of a sword."

"Thanks to the holy saints, that have I, valiant Zacharie! an' if I were once out o' this fighting work, and home again, if I'm caught ayont the sound o' the old convent bell again, may the old one flay me."

"Then 'tis not thine own valiancy that hath impelled thee to the wars, Jacques."

"By my beard, no! It got abroad, after the army went through the valley, that I guided a monk, who proved to be no monk, but a spy, Zacharie," Jacques added, in a low tone, as if revealing an important item of intelligence; "and they told me I would be hung for't. Think of that, Zacharie, for a man to have his weasand twisted round like a barndoor fowl's;" he here mechanically sought the threatened precincts. "Hugh! 'tis awful to think on. Well, I began to tremble in my shoes; but there was nobody I feared so much as Luc Giles. Two nights after Arnold went past, I was in neighbour Bourné's cowpen—canst guess what I was there for, Zach?" he asked, with a grave look, that was intended for a sly one.

"How in the devil should I tell? Go on, and be less familiar with your nicknames."

"Well, master Zacharie, an it please you, I was helping Netty Bourné milk the kine—coz, see thou, Netty and I have a—thou knowst—a little sort of a secret together—a—the priest—thou knowst—"

"Keep the priest to his cell, and you to your tale," said Zacharie, impatiently.

"Well, I heard Luc Giles going by with a score more, and I heard him say he was for the wars, but that he would hang me up first; and I found they were going to my cot, so I trembled all over, and Netty let me hide in the stall, and covered me over with hay, and there I laid all night."

"By the pope! then wert thou, like an ass as thou art, in thy proper place. If it had been the spy-monk in thy case, he would not have let a maiden tuck him up in the hay, and leave him there to go to her lone pillow. But what can we expect of an ass but that he will bray? Go on, for time presses. What became of thee the next morning?"

"Netty came and pulled the hay from off o' me in the morning, and, with a sweet voice, bid me get up, for my enemy had fled; and when I crawled out and shook myself, who dost think I saw standing there beside her?"

"'Tis more than I can tell, unless one of the cows waiting for thee to milk her."

"By my beard! the first thing I put eyes on was big Luc Giles, looking fiercely at me from over her shoulder with his great black eyes; and giving one yell, I fell down on my face as if I were a dead man."

"Ha, ha! then Netty had really no better lodging for thee than a stall!"

"By my beard! it may be so. She looked very pleasant, methought, when she awoke me. Well, Luc Giles told me, in a terrible voice, while Netty laughed, no doubt to give me courage, that I had done treason, and deserved to be hung; but that if I would follow him to the wars, my life should be spared."

"So thou hadst choice of dying by ball or rope?"

"By my beard, had I! and, like a brave soldier, I chose the ball: so I joined the troop and marched to Quebec."

"Wert there when the assault was made, most brave Jacques?"

"That was I, and did the enemy much damage."

"By thy beard! an' I believed thee, if I would

not damage thy brainpan for thee! Tell me truly, where wast thou during the siege?"

"I hid myself in a stout house to 'scape the balls that flew somewhat thickly."

"I will answer for that. Where is Luc Giles?"

"That was the blessing of that day, good master Zacharie. He was killed."

"Dost know how?"

"'Twas said a young, ill-famed devil, with a forked tail and cloven hoof, rose out of the ground and whisked him up into the air, and then pitched him down head foremost among the rocks in the thick o' the fight."

"Thou liest there," said the lad, striking him in the face. "'Twas I myself who tumbled him down the ramparts, to save my officer's life."

"If I were not afeard o' them pistolets o' thine," said Jacques, hastily, "I would strike thee back this blow; but one o' them might kill me, whereas thy fist only hurts a little, it being small."

"Thou art a philosopher, Jacques, and I am sorry for the blow. But how camest thou here?"

"When I knew big Luc Giles was dead—oh,

'twas an awful sight, to see 'um piled up so thick!—I went, after a while, with great general Carleton, to Ticonderoga, and then, to 'scape a fight the next day, went with another comrade over to the colony troop. We then marched down to York, where we've been most two weeks."

"Your company is stationed near by, no doubt. What is the detachment I came upon doing?"

"We belong to the troops quartered at Harlem, and are on our way down to town to escort up some ammunition; but, oh, Marie! I wish I could get rid o' these wars!"

"Desert, desert!"

"Then I should be hanged, if caught."

"But thou'lt be shot if thou stayest."

"I know it. But, if I must die, why, then, I'll die like a valiant soldier," answered Jacques, stoutly.

"Bravely said, Jacques. So thou dost fight from cowardice, like a thousand others. By the pope! if every soldier's valiancy were sifted, 'twould be found to be four parts out o' five of

sheer cowardice. The better coward the better soldier, so you give him no chance to run away. Believe me, Jacques, thou art in a fair way of promotion."

"The saints grant it may be in the ranks, and not by the neck. But how camest thou here, and whither ride you so bravely?"

"How I came hither is none of thy business; but, if thou wilt have tale for tale, wait my leisure. I am going on brave matters; if thou choosest, come with me, and I will show thee the man who caused thee to turn soldier against thy nature."

"Art thou on the right side, Zacharie?"

"That am I."

"'Twill be no deserting, then, to go with thee, master Zacharie?"

"By the pope, no! But forward, and we'll discuss that point."

The two Canadians rode forward at good speed—Jacques, delighted to fall in with a fellow-countryman, and one whom he had before seen, giving way to an emotion which all men who have visited distant countries have at times ex-

perienced ; Zacharie, pleased at finding one over whom he could exercise an influence congenial with his domineering spirit, secretly determining to seduce him from his corps, and attach him in some sort to his person.

CHAP XI.

The Rescue.

THE declining sun was flinging his beams aslant hill and forest, and gilding many a distant sail on the river and Sound, when the two Canadians descended a slight eminence overlooking an inlet of the East River, called Kip's Bay, a few miles above New York. Their way wound along a bridle-path, which conducted them through a natural grove of some extent, and across a narrow tract of pasture-land, when they came to the remains of an old forest that extended quite

to the beach, at this spot overhung by a high precipitous bank and one or two isolated rocks of great size.

Near one of these rocks was a platform or wharf for small boats, one end of which rested upon the beach, from which a winding and romantic path led to a tasteful villa situated on a wooded eminence not far from the shore. It was behind this rock, and concealed from the landing place, that Zacharie and his companion at length stopped. After surveying the place with great attention, climbing to the top of the rock and looking off into the river, the former descended, saying—"All is right. Now, if they can only get here before the boat, which is a good half mile below, then we have them, Jacques. Come with me on yonder hill, and await my return, and move foot nor finger more than if thou wert a part of this rock. If, by-and-by, you see any fighting going on, look thou, deal blows on the right side."

Thus conveying his commands, Zacharie put spurs to his horse, and soon disappeared over the hill. Riding forward for a quarter of an hour

through a thick wood, he came all at once upon a party of dragoons, one of the number leading a horse caparisoned for a female equestrian, spurring at the top of their speed towards him. Drawing to one side of the path, to avoid collision, he muttered, half aloud—"There he comes, at a rate that only a battle or a lady would send him."

As the foremost passed him, he whistled shrilly, when Burton, for it was him, reined up, glanced towards him, then was instantly at his side, and demanding his intelligence.

This was conveyed in a few words. Bidding Zacharie then to keep by his bridle, he commanded the troop to ride forward.

"Said you the boat was but a mile off ten minutes since?"

"Ay, sir, we'll be there in time. Is the other prisoner safe?"

"If your curiosity had a pocket, it would soon be filled in reward for thy services. I did not bargain with you for double pay."

"Nor I with thee for double service."

"Well, then, prime minister of mine, if 'twill

please you to learn so much, know that the lady whom I have escorted is safe beneath the roof of general Mifflin, at Kingsbridge, there to abide as a guest, under some restrictions, until general Washington shall make further disposition of her."

"A brave lady! Dost think they'll hang her?"

"The graces forbid, at least for the present!"

"I think I'd like thee to marry her."

"What put that into your wise head?"

"From the cut of her eye, I think she would be thy match."

"A charitable wish, truly; but what dost think of her?"

"I think, if possible, she has more of the devil in her than thyself. But yonder comes our prize."

At this moment they came in view of the East River; and lifting his eyes, Burton beheld a little boat, its single white sail relieved against the dark water on which it was suspended, standing slowly and steadily towards the little flotilla on the beach.

He halted the troop, and placing a pocket te-

lescope to his eye, closely surveyed the approaching party for a few moments ; then closing it, he turned to his men and briefly addressed them—" In yonder boat are two ladies, one of whom it is my intention to seize, and place under temporary arrest. There are four soldiers and a young officer forming their escort ; these I leave you to do with, but on your lives, shed no blood ! Holton, secure your horses here, then conduct four of your men along the woods, and draw them up behind that rock which commands the ascent from the water to yonder villa. Permit the ladies and officer to pass by you unmolested ; then surprise the guard as they are securing the boat, disarm them, and throw their muskets into the water. You and your comrade, Mack, may accompany me. Forward !"

" You will find a comrade of mine behind the rock a little cracked in the topworks," said Zacharie ; " see that you harm him not."

Holton and his men, under the protection of the trees and irregularities of the descent, gained their appointed station, where they found Jacques, who sat his horse immoveable, and without

speaking, evidently in the extremity of bodily terror, to find himself so suddenly surrounded by so many fierce-looking warriors. Placing their hands on their pistols, the party anxiously awaited the approach of the boat.—“Is’t another petticoat spy, Holton?” asked one, whom Zacharie had formerly designated as Joe Carbine.

“That I can’t tell; though ’tis like to be: these women-folks are sharp sighted enough to be spies, if that’s all.”

“They look like American soldiers in the boat, and I could swear to the uniform of the officer. I don’t like fighting against my own countrymen.”

“There’s no fighting, boy; only disarming some half-dozen of the enemy,” replied another.

“They may be in disguise,” said Holton. “All we have to do is to obey orders; if there’s any mistake, the blame goes to shoulders that can bear it as well as their epaulettes.”

With this conclusive argument of men under authority, the dragoons were satisfied; and in breathless silence and with clear consciences, they awaited the approach of the barge.

Burton and his two troopers, accompanied by Zacharie, who led the spare horse, continued without dismounting to the right, and rode along the inland inclination of the hill towards a hollow at the summit of the pass, equally hidden from the villa and the shore. Here they dismounted. Burton now ordered Zacharie to hold the horses in readiness to mount suddenly; and bidding one of the dragoons to present a pistol to the officer's breast when he should gain the head of the pass, and make him prisoner, and directing the other to prevent, without violence, the lady from giving alarm, he cautiously approached the verge of the hill, and looked down into the quiet cove.

The boat was now within a few yards of the shore. Twilight had already rendered objects indistinct, yet he could see the young officer's marked attentions to the younger female, whom he at once recognised to be Eugenie, and a pang of jealousy shot through his breast.

The party disembarked, and the officer giving all his assistance to the younger lady, preceded by the matron, ascended the path to-

wards the house. The soldiers forming the escort, after securing the boat, were preparing to resume their muskets and follow, when they were surrounded and disarmed before they had time to offer the least resistance, and to prevent escape, a dragoon stood by each with a cocked pistol leveled at his breast.

This attack was so skilfully and silently executed, that the officer a moment afterward gained the summit of the pass without having been aware of it. The elderly lady was a little in advance; and as the pair approached the ambuscade, Burton could hear their voices in conversation.

"Say that you will permit me, mademoiselle de Lisle, to call on you; at least say that my presence will not be intrusive," said the officer, tenderly.

"I have nothing to say, sir," she replied, in her low and peculiarly sweet tones: "I know not whether I am a prisoner, or am still to have my own will."

"Will you bid me despair, Eugenie?"

"I can bid you do nothing. Do not distress

me in this hour of my unhappiness. Nothing but the most undeniable proof of *his* faithlessness should ever induce me to forget him, or replace his image by another."

"Bless you, dearest Eugenie, for those words!" exclaimed Burton, stepping boldly from his concealment, and gracefully advancing towards her.

Eugenie shrieked with mingled terror and delight. The officer drew his sword, which was struck from his grasp by the ready weapon of Burton, and at the same instant was seized by the dragoons. Lifting Eugenie, unresistingly and half-clinging to his neck, from the ground, the lover placed her in the saddle, and whispered a word or two of hope and encouragement, mingled with promises and protestations, in her ear; then mounting his own horse, and commanding his dragoons to release their prisoners, he took the reins of Eugenie's pony, and rode swiftly along the ridge of the hill.

"Leave your prisoners and to horse!" he shouted, as he came in sight of the men on the beach.

The dragoons obeyed, and, rapidly ascending the hill, were soon in the saddle. Elated by their success, the whole party moved forward at a round trot through the wood, and, gaining the main road, galloped rapidly towards the city. They passed several parties of sentinels, and outposts of both foot and horse; but, answering every challenge correctly, they gained the northern suburb of the city, about eight o'clock, without interruption.

During the ride Eugenie had not spoken, and only acknowledged the words of love breathed into her ear by returning the pressure of his hand. When they had got within a mile of the city, they halted at the head of a cross-road leading into Broadway. Here Burton dismissed his troop to their quarters, and, when the last faint echo of their footsteps had died away, he galloped up the cross-road, followed by Zacharie, at the top of his speed: gaining Broadway, he rode a few rods southwardly, and then suddenly turned aside into the secluded and rural lane leading to the cottage from which he had departed the preceding night. They had ridden

but half way through it, when he, in a low voice, commanded Zacharie to go forward alone, and inform the inmate of the cottage that her female companion would shortly be with her, and then to wait his arrival at the gate. Zacharie dashed on rapidly ahead, and soon disappeared. Dismounting at the gate, he entered, and meeting Caroline in one of the avenues of the front yard, he delivered his message; then retracing his steps, and seating himself sideways upon his pony beneath the elm, he began to whistle a lively tune, to which he kicked his heels against his pony's sides by way of accompaniment.

"My dearest Eugenie," said Burton, passing his arm around her waist, and gently drawing her to his embrace, "forgive me if I have offended you by this rescue. I could not give you up, without one effort to recover you—without hearing from your own lips my doom. I have taken you from the protection of the friends Washington has assigned to you, to plead my own cause at your feet. It is the cause of sincere love—of deep, pure, and uncontrollable

passion. But why need I tell you this? Your heart can say, better than any language my tongue can utter, how dearly I love you. Tell me, Eugenie, that you do not hate me."

"Hate you, Edward! God and the sweet Mary know I cannot hate you! But if you are as you have been represented to me, I fear—I tremble when I think how much I love you!"

"Best and loveliest of creatures! Then you do not detest me! These people have not poisoned my dear Eugenie's mind. You still love and believe me true! If you desire it, I will here solemnly appeal to Heaven in attestation of my sincerity."

"No, no, Edward; I should no sooner believe you: I know that you are the same; but—oh, there are many things weighing heavily on my heart. Hold, Edward!" she said, suddenly reining in her horse, which, during this conversation, had been walking on slowly, "I cannot sacrifice my maidenly delicacy even to my love. Whither are you leading me? Why have you taken me from honourable protection? Hold, sir, I will go no farther!" she cried, with energy,

as he attempted, though gently, to urge her her horse forward.

"Alas, Eugenie!" he said, in a tone of bitter reproach, "do you so soon believe that I would betray you? By your past confidence, by our long-plighted love, by our vows registered in heaven, believe me, and trust to my honour!"

"I do, I do! But tell me whither I am led? I am in a maze—in a mystery. I have been led by the will of others, the last two days, as if I were a mere child, or incapable of reflection, which may indeed be true, for what but madness could have driven me to take the rash step I have done? Why did I not before view it in the light I now do? Edward, if you love me, restore me, before you leave your saddle, either to the protection of general Washington, or my Canadian friends."

"Eugenie," he said, in tones of sadness, "I will do as you bid me, if you will still urge your wish when you learn the home that I have chosen for you. Listen to me patiently for a moment, and I will then be guided by your decision. After the attack on Quebec, an Ameri-

can officer, mortally wounded in the fight, called me to his side, and with his dying breath bequeathed his widowed wife and only daughter to my sympathy and protection. The mother is recently deceased; the daughter, I fear, will soon follow her. She needs a companion in her lonely hours: I have told her that I would seek one for her. When I left general Washington's last night, I called and spoke to her of you: I promised to bring you to see her to-day, though I did not anticipate the events that have since occurred. She was delighted at the prospect, and her pale features lighted up with happy smiles. She now sighs for you. You will love her, Eugenie, and I know that she will love you; for none can see and not love you! Will you be her solace? the angel of her pillow? will you become her companion, and soften the pangs of the departing spirit? or will you turn a deaf ear to the eloquent pleadings of suffering, and bid me tell her that she must die unblessed by the presence and sympathy of one of her own sex?"

"Edward, Edward, forgive me! How could

I be so ungenerous as to suspect you for a moment of a dishonourable action? But it was the language of my friends."

"Friends, Eugenie! those whom you knew but yesterday, and who are my enemies! will you give me up for these? I cannot—nay, I will not believe it."

"No, I will not, Edward: I am convinced of my error. Let us ride forward: I am ready to follow whither you will, to atone for my unjust suspicions. You will forgive me, won't you?"

"A thousand times, my dear Eugenie!" he exclaimed, embracing her; "whatever words of thine may give offence, are at the same time atoned for by the sweet accents of the voice that utters them. This embrace shall atone for all, and bind our love the stronger."

In a few moments they arrived at the gate, and alighted. Burton, leaving the horses with Zacharie, passed through the cottage gate, with Eugenie leaning tremblingly on his arm, and in silence proceeded to the house, which lay in the same quiet repose as on the previous night, with its single light twinkling through the blinds.

Eugenie was charmed with the air of every thing, and pressing his arm, she whispered—"How happy could I be here with you, Edward!"

"That happiness shall be yours, dear Eugenie," he replied, as they gained the portico. "I will go in, if you will permit me to leave you a moment, and inform Miss Germaine of your presence, lest, in her delicate health, she should be surprised by your sudden entrance."

Leaving Eugenie in the portico, agitated by mingled emotions, Burton entered without knocking, and going unannounced into the parlour, the door of which was half open, the next moment he held Caroline in his arms.—"My dear Caroline," he said, playfully placing his hand on her lips to check her exclamation of joy, you look better to-night. I have come to apprise you of the arrival of your young companion; you have only to see her to love her."

"You are very kind, Edward, and kind yourself to visit me once more. Is she near? Can I go and meet her?"

"I left her in the portico to announce her presence, lest your nerves should receive a shock

from the sudden appearance of a stranger. You will meet her with sisterly affection?"

"Oh, Edward, how can guilt embrace innocence! Oh, do not frown upon me! I will not breathe it in her pure ears. I have too much need of sympathy, not to love those who will befriend me. Bid her come in. But," she added, falteringly, as if she feared to ask, scarcely the while sustaining her drooping form on her tottering limbs, "is she quite alone—is no one with her?"

"No one, Caroline," he said, with a surprised air of inquiry; "whom do you expect?"

"Oh, nobody, not any one," she said, clasping her hands to her temples; "oh, not any one, if you have so soon forgotten."

"Caroline, for God's sake, calm yourself!" he cried, vexed and alarmed, flying to support her to a sofa; "I said not that I would bring the clergyman to-night."

"Go, Edward—leave me," she said, faintly, "my heart is broken," and she threw herself, with an utter abandonment of manner, upon the sofa.

Chagrined at this incident, he turned from her, muttering within his closed lips—"Some demon seems to have plotted to ruin me! Ha! a happy thought! This scene," he added, crossing the room to the door, "if well managed, is all in my favour; I shall escape a double *eclaircissement*, which I have trembled to think on. 'Twere better Eugenie should see her thus—'twill clinch my purpose firmer. Eugenie," he said, in tones attuned to the ear of love, going to the portico, "the lady is more indisposed than I imagined; your presence is providential. Come in, and see if you would have done well to have turned from such a scene."

While he was speaking, he conducted Eugenie through the hall into the parlour. Caroline, whom he expected to find nearly insensible on the sofa, to his surprise advanced towards them with graceful dignity, and with a smile which her tearful eye and heaving bosom told was called up with an extraordinary mental effort—"My dear Miss de Lisle," she said, affectionately taking her hand, while she seemed struck with her beauty, "I know in part your roman-

tic story. You are welcome; but 'tis but a poor reception an invalid may give the young and lovely. I have long wished for a friend and companion, but such as you are, I never hoped for; I already feel that I shall love you."

Eugenie, surprised at her fragile loveliness, and affected by her sad voice and manner, not only took the hand Caroline extended towards her, but, with the ingenuousness of her artless character, threw her arms about her neck, and kissing her, assured her of her love and sympathy.

The sensitive Caroline, touched by this exhibition of kindness and sympathy from one of her own sex, from whose society she had so long been estranged, gave way to a paroxysm of tears, in her arms.

At length she became calmer; and Eugenie, supporting her to a sofa, sat by her, and clasped her hand in hers, and for a moment the two lovely girls gazed on each other's features, as if prompted by a mutual impulse to peruse the lineaments of one another's faces. This tacit correspondence drew their hearts closer, and in



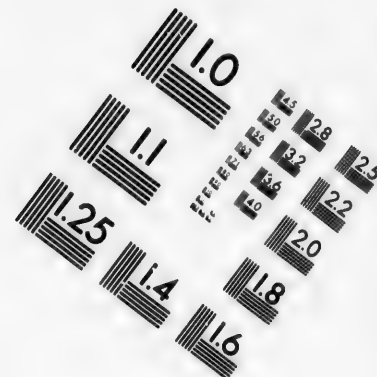
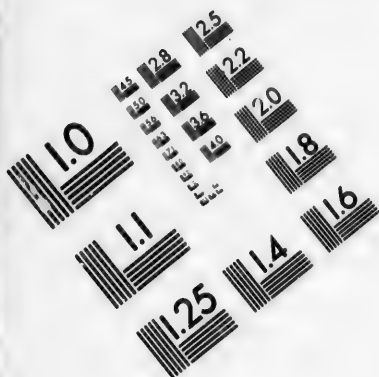
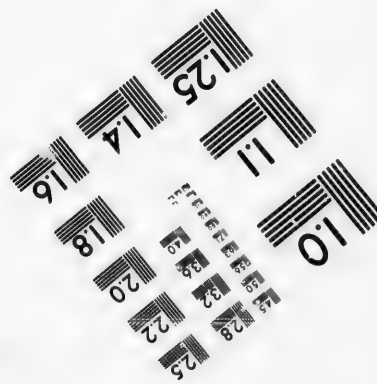
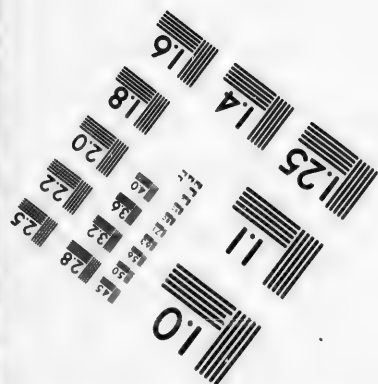
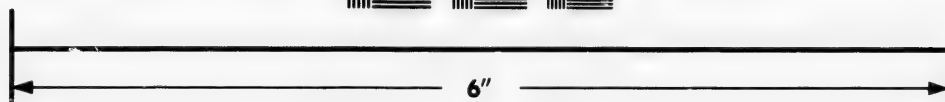
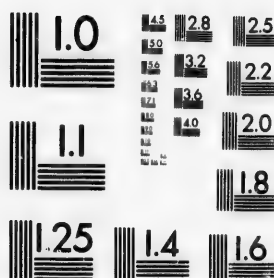


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a few minutes, both—Eugenie, all gaiety and humour, and anxious to divert the mind of the interesting invalid—Caroline, happy, grateful, and confiding, were deeply engaged in conversation; for two young creatures, so long estranged from intercourse with persons of their sex, age, or tastes, thus meeting together under such circumstances, had much to say, a thousand concealed thoughts to express, and innumerable ideas to interchange, before they could connect the broken chain of social intercourse so long severed.

The dark and guilty being, the controller of the destinies of the lovely victim whom his arts had so successfully placed in his power, with folded arms and anxious brow, paced the room in silence. Occasionally he glanced towards the sofa, but his thoughts were buried in schemes of conquest; alas! such conquests as degrade humanity. Unmoved by the gentle sufferings of Caroline, whose only crime was her misplaced love, who was dying without a murmur, at the feet of her destroyer, petitioning Heaven to bless him with her dying breath, and ready even

to plead his innocence at the bar of final justice—unmoved by the innocence, the beauty, the youth, or the unprotected state of Eugenie (all which should plead to the heart of the deliberate seducer, but all which are only incentives to urge him to his purpose), as, unconscious of the snare closing around her, she sought, in the benevolence of her unsuspecting nature, to cheer the drooping spirits of the invalid, who every moment wound closer around her heart's affections.

We have, in the foregoing paragraph, struck a vein for the moralist; but it is not the purpose of the romancer to load his pages with the reflections which naturally arise in contemplating the moral actions of his characters, but rather to leave them to be deduced by the contemplative reader. It is his province only to relate events as they transpire, and not to speculate upon them; to prepare food for the mind, but not to lay down rules for the regulation of the mental appetite; to direct all events to one great moral end, but not to point out, as they

occur, the component parts which go to make up the aggregate.

The situation in which he had now placed himself, gave Burton, with all his tact and presence of mind, no little uneasiness. Guided by the strength of his passion, which turned a deaf ear to reason, he called in the aid of reflection only when too late to extricate him from his embarrassments.—“ If,” thought he, as he paced the little parlour that he had made the theatre of so extraordinary a scene as that before his eyes, “ if Caroline should, in a moment of weakness and confidence, betray to Eugenie her attitude in relation to myself—if Eugenie should speak of her love, and our pledged affection—in either case I am ruined. Ruined? Pshaw! an intrigue ruin a man of honour, only because it happens to be based on another! I have a double game to play now, that calls for all my skill. Do I fear the world’s censure? No. I would show the world these angelic creatures as a court beauty sports her diamonds, and enjoy the envy of men. He who would openly censure me for deceiving the fair innocents, would, in

his heart, curse my good fortune, and wish himself the lucky cavalier. Publicity I court. It makes me, among men, the envied possessor of untold loveliness, which I feel I do not half possess when hiding it, miserlike, from the public gaze. Among women, too, it gives me the greater power, for with the dear creatures 'tis 'to him that hath shall be given.' The surest way of success with them is to approach their shrines with our brows adorned with laurels of conquest. What I alone fear is, that exposure at this time will kill the one and frighten the other away, and then I am fooled for my pains. Am I yet sure of success? Eugenie shows spirit. I may be foiled. Well, there's matrimony! I feel some compunctions at taking advantage of my dear Eugenie, whom, if I ever have truly loved, I love. But I cannot resist temptation. Fortune, if she loves innocence, should not leave it in my path. I cannot marry every beauty who pleases my eye; I had best turn pacha at once. Here I have three, all equally claimants to my affections; a charming triad! By my honour! I could not tell which

to choose in the noose of matrimony, although poor Caroline has the best claims; but the very strength and nature of her claim makes it all the weaker. I have broken the vessel, it is true, but it does not, therefore, follow that I should content myself with the pieces. Caroline, in losing her own self-respect, has forfeited mine. No! she who would be my mistress shall never become my wife. Isabel Ney will never do! I should need with her the philosophy of a Socrates. If either, it shall be Eugenie; and, if I cannot possess her without, she shall be mine *in vinculo matrimonii*. Isabel Ney I will leave to fortune and to circumstances, and at present think only of Eugenie, blooming in all her virgin loveliness. Aid me, Cupid, and I will build a temple to thee! You appear much better, Miss Germaine," he said, suddenly stopping in his walk, and approaching her with an air of respectful sympathy; "I trust the lively society of Miss de Lisle will renovate your spirits, and in a few days you will look more like the rose than the lily, of which you are now the emblem."

Caroline looked up to him with a melancholy

smile, but made no reply, while Eugenie said, gaily, "I will answer for it, that you will not know her in a week's time. See what a fine glow is now in her cheek!"

Caroline sighed deeply, and Burton turned away his head, but instantly replied, in a lively tone, as if he sought to conceal his passion for Eugenie from Caroline, and, at the same time, prevent the latter from being hurt by coldness—"I leave her in your charge, fair novice. It is now after eight o'clock, and I have duties which will demand my presence before nine. I bid you both good-night, and will see you as early to-morrow as I can leave the field."

Without further ceremony he hastily left the room and house. While he received his horse from Zacharie, the latter said, in a low tone—"There has been a horseman skulking about here, ever since you went through the gate."

"Did you recognise him, or learn his business?"

"No; he looked like an officer, and rode in sight to yonder tree three times. I would have followed him, if I could have left the horses. The last time I saw him, which was not three

minutes ago, I hailed him, and cocked my pistol, when he put spurs and vanished up the lane.

"Then we will give chase. I find that I am watched."

Drawing a pistol from his holsters, followed by Zacharie, he rapidly rode off in the direction taken by the fugitive. They had nearly reached the outlet in Broadway, when a horseman suddenly emerged from the roadside, galloped along ahead of them, turned into Broadway, and disappeared round the corner. Following him at the top of his speed, leaving Zacharie far behind, urging onward his less fleet steed, Burton saw the form of the horseman just disappearing around the corner of the cross street which led into the Boston road. Desirous of ascertaining who had acted the spy upon his movements, he spurred forward at a fearful risk of life and limb, and, turning the corner, came full upon the stranger, who had wheeled his horse, and was standing facing him, firm and still, directly in the middle of the narrow lane. Unable to check the speed of his horse, Burton had time to guide him so as to avoid the full shock which the fu-

gitive horseman seemed to have prepared for him by the position he had assumed. The horses, however, came together with great violence ; and Burton, discharging his pistol at random as he encountered the spy, received at the same moment a pass through his belt and clothes, which was only turned aside from his body by the interposition of his sword-hilt ; while the guard of the well-directed steel, striking him in the breast with its full force, hurled him bodily to the ground.

When Zacharie came up, he found his master with difficulty remounting his horse, but his antagonist was nowhere to be seen. Burton rode slowly to his quarters, wondering at the strange event which had just transpired, and fatiguing his mind in conjectures as to the identity of the stranger who had not only been a spy upon him, but had also decidedly manifested a hostile purpose : nor could he quite defend his own fiery pursuit of one who had not crossed his path, and at whom he had discharged his pistol without certain provocation. This was

done, however, rather on the impulse of surprise at finding the fugitive drawn up to receive him in so singular a manner, than from any deliberate intention.

END OF VOL. II.

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